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# André;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS:

BY  
WILLIAM DUNLAP.



WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY  
BRANDER MATTHEWS.



Publications of The Dunlap Society. No. 4.

New-York, 1887.







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*The Portrait engraved by Hapwood, from a drawing by Major André. The Ornament by Shirt.*

# ANDRÉ

*A Tragedy in five Acts*

BY

WM. DUNLAP

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY BRANDER MATTHEWS



NEW-YORK:  
THE DUNLAP SOCIETY  
1887

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## INTRODUCTION.

MOST of the many plays in which an attempt has been made to set on the stage some of the striking incidents and effective situations of the long struggle of the Revolutionary War are mere drum-and-trumpet histories, of little or no literary value. Daniel Webster, speaking of the Battle of Bunker Hill, said that "no national drama was ever developed in a more interesting and splendid first scene"; but Mr. John Burk's 'Battle of Bunker Hill; or, the Death of General Warren,' acted with immediate but temporary success at the Haymarket Theater in Boston, February 17, 1797, only twenty-two years after the event, was but a battle-piece, full of sound and fury and signifying nothing. With certain exceptions, to be noted immediately almost, the only good American play of which the action passes in the troublous times of the Revolution, is Mr. O. B. Bunce's 'Love in '76,' a light and bright little two-act comedy, brought out in 1857 at Laura Keane's Theater in New-York.

The episode of the Revolutionary War most often chosen for dramatic treatment has been the treason of Benedict Arnold, with the consequent capture and execution of Major André. At first glance this subject may seem most attractive to a dramatist, who shall

congratulate himself that he has discovered the historical ground-work for a powerful poetic play. It is true that there are here many of the needed elements of the great historical drama. The picturesque evolution of the rapid action, the contrasted characters of the two chief personages, the light-hearted levity of André and the wounded pride of Arnold, the solemn figure of Washington present in the background; the young mother, almost a bride, whose fate is inextricably linked with the traitor; the awful consequences involved in the success of the scheme of treachery; the sentimental interest which yet lingers about the handsome young Englishman,—all these are present; and, as Fielding asks, so may the intending author, “What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two, and a few moral sentences.”

These are but a few of the phases of the fact which fit it for fiction, and they are apparent to all. But behind all these there is a fatal defect, inherent and ineradicable, which —so it seems to me—will forever prevent the writing of a satisfactory drama on this subject. This defect is that the story has two heroes, and that one of these heroes is a traitor and the other a spy. The mainspring of the plot is ignoble; it is the vulgar treachery of a spendthrift selling his country for money to pay his debts. Arnold was a man of small motives, chief among which were envy and petty pique; he was a coward who fled when his plot was discovered, leaving his accomplice in the lurch and descending to the incredible meanness of surrendering to the British the men who rowed the boat in which



he escaped. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to give to a character like this the dignity and the largeness and the broad sweep of emotion which tragedy demands.

It may be objected further that the woman's share in the story is very slight, and that it cannot be adequately increased without violation of historic truth. In like manner, there is no way of showing on the stage the poetic justice which in the drama must round out a great villain's career. Arnold died in England in peace, despised, it may be, but with wealth at his command and after having sated his revenge by service against his countrymen. Arnold died in peace, and André was hanged as a spy in his stead — a vicarious sacrifice which has small chance of acceptance either in the quiet of the scholar's study or before the throng of the popular theater. No other catastrophe is possible; to falsify history is to make poetry false also. As Mr. George H. Calvert says in the preface to the drama which he wrote on this subject: "Poetry being the finest truth, the essence indeed of truth, nourishes itself robustly and palatably on the true, pines if fed on the false, and has within itself such all-sufficient resources that whatever is required for its own corporeal manifestation, it can freshly generate, if need be, by imaginative energy."

In spite of this fatal defect, the story of Arnold and André has been most attractive to American authors. It has been attempted half a score times, and the attempt has never been wholly satisfactory. The first of these is the 'André' of William Dunlap, who was

the most prolific and the most important of early American dramatists, and who as a boy in New-York had seen the private theatricals of the British officers in which André took part. In his 'History of the American Theater,' Dunlap records that he "had now finished another tragedy called 'André'—a most unfortunate subject for the stage, at a period so near the time of the event dramatized."

André had been hanged October 2, 1780, and Dunlap's 'André' was produced March 30, 1798, not twenty years after. Arnold was alive when Dunlap's drama was acted,—he died June 14, 1801. Washington, whom Dunlap calls only *The General*, survived until December 14, 1799, more than a year after the production of the play at the New Park Theater. It is to be noted that Dunlap's is the only piece acted in the United States during Washington's life, in which he was made to appear on the stage of a theater. (In France half-a-dozen plays had been based on the Asgill episode, and some of these were performed in Paris during the last few years of the century.)

'André' was acted just two months after the New Park Theater in New-York had opened its doors to the public for the first time. The author was one of the two managers of the theater, and the actor who performed the part of *André* was the other. In the midst of the doubts and difficulties of a most disastrous and disheartening theatrical season, ill begun and worse ended, it is wonderful how Dunlap ever found time or courage to compose an original tragedy. Perhaps the play had been almost completed before the author

undertook the harassing duties of management; from the preface we learn that it had been begun nine years earlier.

In his 'History of the American Theater,' which is also, in fact, a diary of his career as a dramatist, Dunlap sets down the record of his trials, but although he does not boast, we can see also that he kept a brave heart and bore up against a sea of troubles. His tribulations did not end even when 'André' was actually acted. Here is his own account of the production of the play ('History,' ii. 20-2):

The tragedy of 'André' was performed for the first time on the 30th of March, 1798. The receipts were 817 dollars, a temporary relief. The play was received with warm applause, until Mr. Cooper, in the character of a young American officer, who had been treated as a brother by André when a prisoner with the British, in his zeal and gratitude, having pleaded for the life of the spy in vain, tears the American cockade from his casque and throws it from him. This was not, perhaps could not be, understood by a mixed assembly; they thought the country and its defenders insulted, and a hiss ensued — it was soon quieted, and the play ended with applause. But the feeling excited by the incident was propagated out-of-doors. Cooper's friends wished the play withdrawn on his account, fearing for his popularity. However, the author made an alteration in the incident, and subsequently all went on to the end with applause. The applause of a theater! The play was printed, and is forgotten. A portion of it was incorporated with a holiday drama, which the author afterwards put together, and called 'The Glory of Columbia — her Yeomanry,' which was likewise published, and is occasionally murdered for the amusement of holiday fools. The tragedy of 'André' was thus cast:

*The General*, Mr. Hallam; *André*, Hodgkinson; *Bland*, Cooper; *McDonald*, Tyler; *Melville*, Williamson; *Seward*, Martin;

*British Officer*, Hogg; *American Officer*, Miller; *Mrs. Bland*, Mrs. Melmoth; *Honora*, Mrs. Johnson; *Children*, Miss Hogg and Master Stockwell.

Our friend Cooper was at this time rather in the habit of neglecting such *parts* as were not *first*, or exactly to his mind. Young *Bland* was not the hero of the piece, and very little of the author's blank verse came *unamended* from the mouth of the tragedian. In what was intended as the most pathetic scene of the play, between Cooper and Hodgkinson, the first, as *Bland*, after repeating, 'Oh, André—Oh, André,' as often as 'Jemmy Thomson' wrote 'Oh, Sophonisba,' approached the unfortunate *André*, who in vain waited for *his* cue, and, falling in a burst of sorrow on his neck, cried, loud enough to be heard at the side-scene, 'Oh, André—damn the prompter!—Oh, André! What's next, Hodgkinson?' and sunk in unutterable sorrow on the breast of his overwhelmed friend, upon whose more practiced stage cleverness he relied for support in the trying scene,—*trying* to the author as well as actor and audience.

When we begin to read Dunlap's play, we soon see that it is not in accord with the literary fashions of to-day; both in cloth and in cut it is of an old style. To judge it fairly, we must remember that it was composed under the influence of the German playwrights of whom Kotzebue was the chief, and of whose elaborately pathetic plays Dunlap was the first wholesale importer in America. The German drama, of which the 'Stranger' and 'Pizarro' are typical specimens, and which Canning and Frere satirized mercilessly in the *Anti-Jacobin*, is now defunct and forgotten; but when Dunlap wrote, its influence was potent, and Dunlap was one of the first to acknowledge that influence. 'André' is a play adroitly contrived by one who had studied under Kotzebue, and who had seen frequent performances of

'Douglas,' 'Venice Preserved,' and other English heroic dramas, now equally faded and old-fashioned. In it we find sensibility and sentimentality more abundant than direct and simple pathos, conversation rather than action, set argument more often than emotion. There is vigor in the drawing of *Young Bland*, with whose fiery and boyish sincerity we may yet feel. There are character and dignity in the speeches of *Washington*. The blank verse in which the play is written is often involved and forced, but it has point, and it is the work of one who understood the exigencies of the acted drama. That Dunlap was not a poet, in any strict acceptation of the word, needs no discussion; he was a competent playwright, and he knew how to make a drama in accordance with the tenets of his time. 'André' is a better piece of work than most of the plays even of high pretensions, which were produced in Great Britain and the United States toward the end of the last century.

A few years after 'André' was first acted, Dunlap brought out the 'Glory of Columbia—her Yeomanry,' performed for the first time at the Park Theater in New-York, on July 4th, 1803. The 'Glory of Columbia,' which the author himself called a mere 'holiday drama,' is a more hasty and careless play than 'André.' In the earlier drama the interest centered around *André*, with whose fate, indeed, it was wholly concerned; *Arnold* does not even appear in it, nor is any stress laid on his misdeeds. But *Arnold* appears in the 'Glory of Columbia'; and *Paulding*, *Van Wart*, and *Williams* become chief characters. The *André* episodes are

confined to the third and fourth acts. The first and second acts of the 'Glory of Columbia' are devoted to events which happened prior to the events in the first act of 'André'; and the final act of the 'Glory of Columbia' takes place at Yorktown, and has no connection with the story of the earlier play. Many songs are introduced to the great self-glorification of the citizen soldiery. Some of this new matter, notably the little bit of Irish farce at the beginning of the fourth act of the 'Glory of Columbia,' may still be read with amusement.

It was probably the 'Glory of Columbia' which was acted on July 4th, 1807, at the old South Street Theater, in Philadelphia. Some of the scenes then in this theater had been painted during the occupation of the city by the British troops. The officers of George III. were fond of the drama, and both in New-York and Philadelphia they gave frequent performances. André was always at the head of these entertainments, and he volunteered as a scene-painter. Mr. Charles Durang is quoted in Mr. James Rees's 'Life of Edwin Forrest' (p. 58) as saying that "one scene from the brush of André deserves record. It was a landscape, presenting a distant champaign country and a winding rivulet extending from the front of the picture to the extreme distance. In the foreground and center was a gentle cascade, the water exquisitely executed, overshadowed by a group of majestic forest trees. The perspective was excellently preserved, the foliage, verdure, and general coloring artistically toned and glazed. The subject of this scene and its treatment was eminently indicative of the bland tone of the

ill-fated major's mind—ever running in a calm and harmonious mood. It was a drop scene, and hung about the middle of the third entrance, as called in stage directions. The name of André was inscribed in large black letters on the back of it—thus put, no doubt, by his own hand on its completion, as is sometimes the custom with scenic artists. It was burnt, with the rest of the scenery, at the destruction of the theater in 1821. It would have been a precious relic at the present day for its very interesting associations. Poor André little thought, while he was painting that scene, that in a few short years afterwards it would be used in a national play written on the subject of his capture and death. It was so used in the summer of 1807—on the 4th of July—at the old South Street Theater, as representing the pass on the banks of the Hudson River where he was taken by the three militiamen. It was the only suitable scene in the house which would answer for the locality without painting one expressly for it. The piece had no merit as a drama, and was only concocted for holiday occasions. It was a sort of hybrid affair—fulsome in dialogue and pantomime, full of Yankee notions and patriotic clap-trap; but incessant laughter and applause of a crowded house, I well remember, rewarded the company's efforts." The drop curtain of this playhouse had also been painted by André. While Washington was President he honored this theater with his presence sometimes, and the stage-box on the eastern side was fitted up for him.

It was not for two-score years and more after Dunlap's revised play was produced, that another attempt was made to set the story on the stage again. Indeed,

I have found no record anywhere that the next play on the subject was ever acted at all. 'Arnold, or the Treason of West Point,' a tragedy, in five acts, by Horatio Hubbell (Philadelphia, 1847), has the traitor for its chief figure and not the spy, and it presents *Madame Arnold* as "the conscience of *Arnold* incarnate";—from her he receives those reproaches that he must often have felt in his dark and mysterious soul" (p. 5). This is not a bad idea, but 'Arnold, or the Treason of West Point,' is not a good play; its construction is rambling and scattering, and its blank verse is unspeakable.

In 1852 there was published 'Essays: and a Drama in Five Acts,' by E. G. Holland, author of 'Essays and Reviews' (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.). The drama in five acts was the 'Highland Treason.' The chief characters were *Benedict Arnold*, *John André*, and *Oriana*, wife to General Arnold. It is rather a chronicle history of Arnold's career than a play with Arnold as the protagonist. In his prefatory remarks the author took quite needless pains to make it "distinctly understood that the following drama, in the form I have given it, is not at all designed for the stage, but solely for perusal." In other words, the 'Highland Treason' belongs in the class of "dramas for the closet," most of which are, in Molière's phrase, only *bon à mettre au cabinet*. A play which is not intended to be played is a contradiction in terms; like a picture which is not intended to be seen, it is a self-evident absurdity. In a bastard formula, like that of the "closet drama," any literature of real value is



not likely to be found, and there is nothing in the 'Highland Treason' to controvert this opinion. The construction is stragglingly inartistic; the characterization is forced and feeble, and the dialogue is overlaid and abrupt. The meter in which the play purports to be written is blank verse, a meter seemingly easy and really most exacting. One may guess that the author of the 'Highland Treason' never even discovered that there was difficulty in the making of blank verses.

The chief originality of Mr. Holland's drama is the introduction of a *Sorceress* who appears at the critical moment of *Arnold's* career and sums up the situation in high-strung verse. But this is altogether surpassed in another play published two years later, in a volume called 'Arnold, and other Poems,' by J. R. Orton (New-York : Partridge & Brittan, 1854). Mr. Orton's drama is written in verse, possibly not quite as blank as Mr. Holland's; its construction is perhaps simpler; and its psychology is certainly no weaker or more confused. But its chief claim for remembrance is, that the author very properly arranges the intervention of the *Ghost* of *Arnold's* father. *Arnold* is alone at the foot of Clove Mountain; it is midnight, and there is a terrific thunderstorm.

[*He sits down on a rock, and presses his forehead with his hands.*]

This dread hour  
Stands out the pivot of my destiny.  
Why should I shrink from it? Have I not said it?  
Does Arnold shrink, who never shrunk before,

And halt at his own purpose? [*Thunder and lightning.*  
My head, crack! crack!

And the deep sockets of my thirsty eyes  
Burn like a forge! [*Rises and gazes about.*

All round is crimson red!  
The air, the staring night, have turned to blood!  
The surging clouds wash in it as they go.  
And the grim river is a trough of fire!

A VOICE. Beware!

ARNOLD. Hurrah! the devils, too, are coming!

[*Enter GHOST.*]

GHOST. My son!

ARNOLD. Begone! old witch!

[*GHOST in a supplicating attitude, vanishes.*

Two years later, again, there appeared yet another play on the same subject,—‘*André*,’ a tragedy in five acts, by W. W. Lord (New-York: Charles Scribner, 1856). This was also in blank verse; but Mr. Lord’s blank verse was, although prosaic enough, far more scholarly than the blank verse of Mr. Hubbell, Mr. Holland, or Mr. Orton. And Mr. Lord, having attempted less, was able to accomplish more. His play is not a chronicle in dialogue of all the salient deeds of Arnold’s life, it is a dramatic setting of the treason itself and of its fatal consequences. It has *André* as its chief figure, rather than *Arnold*. It begins with a scene at West Point, and it ends with a scene in New-York in which the news of *André*’s death is brought to *Arnold*. Mr. Lord’s drama cannot be said to be successful, but it is at least an honorable failure. Now and again the reader finds lines which he can recall with approval:

ARNOLD. From that first check to this late reprimand  
My whole career has been a studied series  
Of checks and insults.

TALLMADGE. To resist so long  
An adverse influence, and advance against it,  
Gives proof of strength, which is itself the pledge  
Of ultimate success.

ARNOLD. If I resist,  
It is but as a swimmer in the stream,  
Who strikes and gasps for life, and does not think  
How strong he is, but only in what danger.

In 1840 Mr. George H. Calvert had sketched out a scene in which *Sir Henry Clinton* and *André* prepare to avail themselves of *Arnold's* treachery. This scene was utilized in the first act of a play, published during the dark days of the Rebellion, and republished again when the joyful centenary of the Revolution was about to be celebrated. 'Arnold and André,' an historical drama, by George H. Calvert (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1864, and Lee & Shepard, 1876), was preceded by a brief essay on the principles of the historic drama. Mr. Calvert confessed the limitations of the historical dramatist, and declared that he had bound himself strictly by the facts of the story, which he did not desire to transform, but to elevate, "by injecting it with poetic rays, to make it throw out from itself a light whereby its features shall be more clearly visible." Of this light Mr. Calvert's 'Arnold and André' has a fair share.

Although partly written in prose, it is as a poem rather than as a play that Mr. Calvert's historical drama is to be considered. It has only the outward

semblance of a play, and it is dramatic only in its presentation of character. It lacks both the unity and the rapidity of action needed for stage success. Mr. Calvert has handled the situations of the story with simple dignity. *Mrs. Arnold* is left in ignorance of her husband's intentions. There is no dwelling on the degradation of the gallows; indeed, with fine instinct, Mr. Calvert ends the play with the signing of the sentence of death. In the dialogue there are not a few lines in which strength of diction and elevation of style are harmoniously combined:

The rattling volley hid the death it bore,

for instance, is one; and better yet is the retort of *Smith* to *Sutherland*, which shows with striking force the seeming desperation of the Continental cause and the almost inevitable failure which would follow on Arnold's delivery of West Point:

SUTHERLAND. But, seriously, your side looks very black just now.

SMITH. It has looked black from the first, and looks now blacker than ever, but it is the blackness of the thunder-cloud,—the blacker it is the more lightning there is in it.

In 'Washington: a heroic drama of the Revolution' in five acts, by Ingersoll Lockwood (New-York, 1875), written in alternating prose and verse, *Arnold* and *Mrs. Arnold* play important parts, but *André* does not appear in person. There is a suggestion of the Tower of Babel about this piece; there is negro dialect, apparently imitated from the latter-day negro minstrels, and Yan-

kee dialect strangely like that of the "Yankee Girls" of the stage; while *Baron Steuben* speaks broad, broken English, caught from some comic "Dutchman" of a variety show.

In the centennial year of the Independence of these United States, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, secure in the consolations of a philosophy which is proverbial, put forth 'Washington,' a drama in five acts (New-York: James Miller, 1876). The benevolent British author of this very blank-verse play gratuitously gives *Arnold* a sister *Mary*, betrothed to *André* and formerly beloved by *Washington*. Mr. Tupper is quite unaware that his 'Washington' classes itself instantly among the unactable dramas of which modern poets are most prolific. He suggests genially that "appropriate music for the overture and entr'acts, if by possibility it comes to be dramatically represented, might be some well-managed olio of international tunes arranged to be in keeping with the libretto of each act; and the dresses must, of course, be of the period." (Preface, p. 5.)

"The play being a short one," he remarks, "and every line well considered, the author hopes it will be acted as written, without excisions or insertions." Dunlap tells us that John Burk, the author of the 'Battle of Bunker Hill,' and the future historian of Virginia, had finished a 'Joan of Arc,' offered to the theater just about the time when he had completed his own 'André'; and he gives us a fragment of the conversation which took place between Burk and himself, and from which we may see that Burk's confidence in his 'Joan of Arc' was about equal, both in quality and

quantity, to Mr. Tupper's confidence in his 'Washington.' And the two plays are not dissimilar in kind or in value. Here are the concluding lines of the third act, after *Mary Arnold* has pleaded to *Washington* for the life of *André*, alleging that

he was betrayed,—  
 He looked for better ends to those worse means ;  
 The way seemed crooked, but the goal was straight.  
 WASHINGTON. Those who do ill that good may come, poor  
 pleader,  
 Are caught in their own toils and swiftly earn  
 Fit payment for such tortuous policy.  
 Enough. I cannot hear one word. Farewell.  
 However I may pity him or thee,  
 And with whatever sorrow for his doom.  
 He dies ! a terrible warning, gibbeted  
 On West Point battlements.  
 [*She swoons away, he summons attendants, and the Act ends.*]

It is perhaps not to be wondered at that in the next act, which opens in *Washington's* camp at Valley Forge, with *Washington* lying on a couch, sick of a fever, and tended by his wife, *Mary Arnold* goes mad in deep mourning, and seeks an interview, only that she may try to stab him.

Even worse than Mr. Tupper's unnecessary play is 'Major John André,' an historical drama in five acts, by P. Leo Haid, O. S. B., Director of the Senior Dramatic Association of St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland, Pa. (Baltimore : John Murphy & Co., 1876). That this turgid trash should ever have been acted, even by amateurs, is almost incomprehensible to any one unacquainted with the patient long-suffering of the Ameri-

can play-goer. The author reveals in his work an ingenuous ignorance of American history and of English grammar. The lack of art in the conduct of the play and in the composition of the dialogue is as amazing as it is amusing. For example, it may be sufficient to note that *Van Wert* (*sic*) is a German who confesses himself a Hessian deserter, and *Williams* becomes a stock stage Irishman with a brogue, a black-thorn, and a frequent "begorra!" With complete impartiality Americans and Englishmen — *Washington* and *Clinton*, *Lafayette* and *Arnold* — are alike in behaving and in speaking with a roughness almost ruffianly.

In his 'Dramatic Authors of America' (published in 1845), Mr. James Rees mentions a 'Capture of Major André,' which was performed in Baltimore early in the century, and which seems never to have been printed. Also unprinted is another play on the same subject, which was acted in Canada between 1870 and 1880. In addition to these two acted and unpublished plays, we have record of another play, published and not acted. This is 'Washington,' *drame historique en cinq actes, en vers*, by M. Lesguillon (Paris, 1866). It turns on the Arnold and André episode; and it was written some ten years or more before it was published, with the expectation that it would be acted in this country during Rachel's visit to the United States.

It may be well to note, also, that a play called 'Nathan Hale; or, the Martyr Spy of the Revolution,' by Edmond Pillet and S. A. McKeever, was acted at the Bowery Theater, in New-York, February 3, 1879. This attempt to set on the stage the life and death of

Nathan Hale, who was far more worthy of regard than André, was not unsuccessful, but I cannot discover that it was ever published.

Of all the plays on the subject of Arnold's treason and André's sad fate, the 'André' of William Dunlap is easily the best, both as literature and as a successful acting drama.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.







# ANDRÉ;

A *TRAGEDY*, IN FIVE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY,  
NEW-YORK, MARCH 30, 1798.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS

RESPECTING

*MAJOR ANDRÉ;*

CONSISTING OF

LETTERS TO MISS SEWARD,

THE

COW CHACE,

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COURT MARTIAL, &c.

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NEW-YORK:

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— 1798. —



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## P R E F A C E.

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MORE than nine years ago the author made choice of the death of Major André as the subject of a Tragedy, and part of what is now offered to the public was written at that time. Many circumstances discouraged him from finishing his play, and among them must be reckoned a prevailing opinion that recent events are unfit subjects for tragedy. These discouragements have at length all given way to his desire of bringing a story on the stage so eminently fitted, in his opinion, to excite interest in the breasts of an American audience.

In exhibiting a stage representation of a real transaction, the particulars of which are fresh in the minds of many of the audience, an author has this peculiar difficulty to struggle with, that those who know the events expect to see them *all* recorded; and any deviation from what they remember to be fact appears to them as a fault in the poet; they are disappointed, their expectations are not fulfilled, and the writer is more or less condemned, not considering the difference between the poet and the historian, or not knowing that what is intended to be exhibited is a free poetical picture, not an exact historical portrait.

Still further difficulties has the Tragedy of André to surmount, difficulties independent of its own demerits,

in its way to public favor. The subject necessarily involves political questions; but the author presumes that he owes no apology to any one for having shown himself an American. The friends of Major André (and it appears that all who knew him were his friends) will look with a jealous eye on the poem, whose principal incident is the sad catastrophe which his misconduct, in submitting to be an instrument in a transaction of treachery and deceit, justly brought upon him; but these friends have no cause of offense; the author has adorned the poetical character of André with every virtue; he has made him his hero; to do which he was under the necessity of making him condemn his own conduct in the one dreadfully unfortunate action of his life. To show the effects which Major André's excellent qualities had upon the minds of men, the author has drawn a generous and amiable youth, so blinded by his love for the accomplished Briton, as to consider his country, and the great commander of her armies, as in the commission of such horrid injustice, that he, in the anguish of his soul, disclaims the service. In this it appears, since the first representation, that the author has gone near to offend the veterans of the American army who were present on the first night, and who, not knowing the sequel of the action, felt much disposed to condemn him; but surely they must remember the diversity of opinion which agitated the minds of men at that time, on the question of the propriety of putting André to death; and when they add the circumstances of André's having saved the life of this youth, and gained his ardent friendship, they

will be inclined to mingle with their disapprobation a sentiment of pity, and excuse, perhaps commend, the poet who has represented the action without sanctioning it by his approbation.

As the sequel to the affair of the cockade, the author has added the following lines, which the reader is requested to insert, page 65, between the third and thirteenth lines, instead of the lines he will find there, which were printed before the piece was represented :

BLAND.

Noble M'Donald, truth and honor's champion !  
Yet think not strange that my intemperance wrong'd  
thee :

Good as thou art ! for, would'st thou, can'st thou,  
think it ?

My tongue, unbridled, hath the same offence,  
With action violent, and boisterous tone,  
Hurl'd on that glorious man, whose pious labors  
Shield from every ill his grateful country.  
That man, whom friends to adoration love,  
And enemies revere. Yes, M'Donald,  
Even in the presence of the first of men  
Did I abjure the service of my country,  
And reft my helmet of that glorious badge  
Which graces even the brow of Washington.  
How shall I see him more ?

M'DONALD.

Alive himself to every generous impulse,  
He hath excused the impetuous warmth of youth,

In expectation that thy fiery soul,  
 Chasten'd by time and reason, will receive  
 The stamp indelible of godlike virtue.  
 To me, in trust, he gave this badge disclaim'd,  
 With power, when thou should'st see thy wrongful  
     error,  
 From him, to reinstate it in thy helm,  
 And thee in his high favor.      [*Gives the cockade.*]

BLAND [*takes the cockade and replaces it*].

Shall I speak my thoughts of thee and him?  
 No! let my actions henceforth show what thou  
 And he have made me. Ne'er shall my helmet  
 Lack again its proudest, noblest ornament,  
 Until my country knows the rest of peace,  
 Or Bland the peace of death.      [*Exit.*]

This alteration, as well as the whole performance,  
 on the second night, met the warm approbation of the  
 audience.

To the performers the author takes this opportunity  
 of returning his thanks for their exertions in his behalf;  
 perfectly convinced, that on this, as on former occa-  
 sions, the members of the Old American Company have  
 anxiously striven to oblige him.

If this play is successful, it will be a proof that recent  
 events may be so managed in tragedy as to command  
 popular attention; if it is unsuccessful, the question must  
 remain undetermined until some more powerful writer  
 shall again make the experiment. The poem is now



submitted to the ordeal of closet examination, with the author's respectful assurance to every reader, that, as it is not his interest, so it has not been his intention to offend any ; but, on the contrary, to impress, through the medium of a pleasing stage exhibition, the sublime lessons of Truth and Justice upon the minds of his countrymen.

W. DUNLAP.

*New-York, April 4, 1798.*



## PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Martin.

A NATIVE bard, a native scene displays,  
And claims your candor for his daring lays,  
Daring so soon, in mimic scenes to show,  
What each remembers as a real woe.  
Who has forgot when gallant ANDRÉ died ?  
A name by Fate to Sorrow's self allied.  
Who has forgot, when o'er the untimely bier,  
Contending armies paus'd to drop a tear.

Our Poet builds upon a fact to-night ;  
Yet claims, in building, every Poet's right ;  
To choose, embellish, lop, or add, or blend,  
Fiction with truth, as best may suit his end ;  
Which, he avows, is pleasure to impart,  
And move the passions but to mend the heart.

O, may no party spirit blast his views,  
Or turn to ill the meanings of the Muse ;  
She sings of wrongs long past, men as they were,  
To instruct, without reproach, the men that are ;  
Then judge the story by the genius shown,  
And praise, or damn it, for its worth alone.

## CHARACTERS

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- General, dress, American staff uniform, blue, faced with buff, large gold epaulets, cocked hat, with the black and white cockade, indicating the union with France, buff waistcoat and breeches, boots, . . . . . Mr. Hallam.
- M'Donald, a man of forty years of age, uniform nearly the same of the first, . . . . . Mr. Tyler.
- Seward, a man of thirty years of age, staff uniform, Mr. Martin.
- André, a man of twenty-nine years of age, full British uniform after the first scene, . . . Mr. Hodgkinson.
- Bland, a youthful but military figure, in the uniform of a Captain of horse — dress, a short blue coat, faced with red, and trimmed with gold lace, two small epaulets, a white waistcoat, leather breeches, boots and spurs; over the coat, crossing the chest from the right shoulder, a broad buff belt, to which is suspended a manageable hussar sword; a horseman's helmet on the head, decorated as usual, and the union cockade affixed, . . . . . Mr. Cooper.
- Melville, a man of middle age, and grave deportment; his dress a Captain's uniform when on duty; a blue coat with red facings, gold epaulet, white waistcoat and breeches, boots and cocked hat, with the union cockade, . . . . . Mr. Williamson.
- British Officer, . . . . . Mr. Hogg.
- American Officer, . . . . . Mr. Miller.
- Children, . . . . . Master Stockwell and Miss Hogg.
- American Sergeant, . . . . . Mr. Seymour.
- American Officers and Soldiers, &c.
- Mrs. Bland, . . . . . Mrs. Melmoth.
- Honora, . . . . . Mrs. Johnson.
- Scene, the Village of Tappan, Encampment, and adjoining country. Time, ten hours.

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# ANDRÉ.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A wood seen by star-light ; an encampment at a distance appearing between the trees.*

*Enter MELVILLE.*

MELVILLE.

THE solemn hour, "when night and morning meet,"  
Mysterious ties, to Superstition dear,  
And Superstition's guides, now passes by ;  
Deathlike in solitude. The sentinels,  
In drowsy tones, from post to post send on  
The signal of the passing hour. "All 's well,"  
Sounds through the camp. Alas, all is not well ;  
Else, why stand I, a man, the friend of man,  
At midnight's depth, deck'd in this murderous guise,  
The habiliment of death, the badge of dire  
Necessitous coercion. 'T is not well.  
— In vain the enlighten'd friends of suffering man  
Point out, of war, the folly, guilt, and madness.  
Still, age succeeds to age, and war to war ;  
And man, the murderer, marshals out in hosts  
In all the gaiety of festive pomp,

To spread around him death and desolation.

How long! how long! —

— Methinks I hear the tread of feet this way.

?! → My meditating mood may work me woe. [*Draws.*]  
Stand, whoso'er thou art. Answer. Who's there?

*Enter* BLAND.

BLAND.

A friend.

MELVILLE.

Advance and give the countersign.

BLAND.

Hudson.

MELVILLE.

What, Bland!

BLAND.

Melville, my friend, you *here*?

MELVILLE.

And *well*, my brave young friend. But why do you,  
At this dead hour of night, approach the camp  
On foot, and thus alone?

BLAND.

I have but now  
Dismounted, and from yon sequester'd cot,  
Whose lonely taper through the crannied wall

Sheds its faint beams and twinkles midst the trees,  
Have I, adventurous, grop'd my darksome way.  
My servant and my horses, spent with toil,  
There wait till morn.

MELVILLE.

Why waited not yourself?

BLAND.

Anxious to know the truth of those reports  
Which, from the many mouths of busy fame,  
Still, as I pass'd, struck varying on my ear,  
Each making th' other void. Nor does delay  
The color of my hasteful business suit.  
I bring dispatches for our great commander;  
And hasted hither with design to wait  
His rising, or awake him with the sun.

MELVILLE.

You will not need the last, for the blest sun  
Ne'er rises on his slumbers; by the dawn  
We see him mounted gaily in the field,  
Or find him wrapt in meditation deep,  
Planning the welfare of our war-worn land.

BLAND.

Prosper, kind Heaven, and recompense his cares.

MELVILLE.

You're from the South, if I presume aright?

BLAND.

I am ; and, Melville, I am fraught with news.  
 The South teems with events—convulsing ones.  
 The Briton, there, plays at no mimic war ;  
 With gallant face he moves, and gallantly is met.  
 Brave spirits, rous'd by glory, throng our camp ;  
 The hardy hunter, skill'd to fell the deer,  
 Or start the sluggish bear from covert rude ;  
 And not a clown that comes, but from his youth  
 Is trained to pour from far the leaden death,  
 To climb the steep, to struggle with the stream,  
 To labor firmly under scorching skies,  
 And bear, unshrinking, winter's roughest blast.  
 This, and that heaven-inspir'd enthusiasm  
 Which ever animates the patriot's breast,  
 Shall far outweigh the lack of discipline.

MELVILLE.

Justice is ours ; what shall prevail against her ?

BLAND.

But as I pass'd along, many strange tales  
 And monstrous rumors have my ears assail'd :  
 That Arnold had prov'd false ; but he was ta'en  
 And hung, or to be hung—I know not what.  
 Another told that all our army, with their  
 Much-lov'd chief, sold and betray'd, were captur'd.  
 But as I nearer drew, at yonder cot  
 'T was said that Arnold, traitor like, had fled ;  
 And that a Briton, tried and prov'd a spy,  
 Was, on this day, as such, to suffer death.



MELVILLE.

As you drew near, plain truth advanced to meet you.  
'T is even as you heard, my brave young friend.  
Never had people on a single throw  
More interest at stake ; when he who held  
For us the die prov'd false and play'd us foul.  
But for a circumstance of that nice kind,  
Of cause so microscopic that the tongues  
Of inattentive men call it the effect  
Of chance, we must have lost the glorious game.

BLAND.

Blest, blest be heaven! whatever was the cause!

MELVILLE.

The blow ere this had fallen that would have bruise'd  
The tender plant which we have striven to rear,  
Crush'd to the dust, no more to bless this soil.

BLAND.

What warded off the blow ?

MELVILLE.

The brave young man, who this day dies, was seiz'd  
Within our bounds, in rustic garb disguis'd.  
He offer'd bribes to tempt the band that seiz'd him ;  
But the rough farmer, for his country arm'd,  
That soil defending which his ploughshare turn'd,  
Those laws his father chose and he approv'd,  
Cannot, as mercenary soldiers may,  
Be brib'd to sell the public weal for gold.

BLAND.

'T is well. Just Heaven! O grant that thus may fall  
All those who seek to bring this land to woe,  
All those, who, or by open force, or dark  
And secret machinations, seek to shake  
The Tree of Liberty, or stop its growth,  
In any soil where thou hast pleased to plant it.

MELVILLE.

Yet not a heart but pities and would save him;  
For all confirm that he is brave and virtuous,  
Known, but till now, the darling child of Honor.

BLAND, *contemptuously*.

And how is call'd this honorable spy?

MELVILLE.

André's his name.

BLAND, *much agitated*.

André!

MELVILLE.

Aye! Major André.

BLAND.

André! O no, my friend, you're sure deceiv'd—  
I'll pawn my life, my ever sacred fame,  
My general's favor, or a soldier's honor,  
That gallant André never yet put on  
The guise of falsehood. O, it cannot be!

MELVILLE.

How might I be deceiv'd? I've heard him, seen him,  
And what I tell, I tell from well-prov'd knowledge;  
No second tale-bearer who heard the news.

BLAND.

Pardon me, Melville. O, that well-known name,  
So link'd with circumstances infamous!  
My friend must pardon me. Thou wilt not blame  
When I shall tell what cause I have to love him;  
What cause to think him nothing more the pupil  
Of Honor stern, than sweet Humanity.  
Rememberest thou, when cover'd o'er with wounds  
And left upon the field, I fell the prey  
Of Britain? To a loathsome prison-ship  
Confin'd, soon had I sunk, victim of death,  
A death of aggravated miseries;  
But, by benevolence urg'd, this best of men,  
This gallant youth, then favor'd, high in power,  
Sought out the pit obscene of foul disease,  
Where I and many a suffering soldier lay,  
And, like an angel, seeking good for man,  
Restor'd us light and partial liberty.  
Me he mark'd out his own. He nurst and cur'd,  
He lov'd and made his friend. I liv'd by him,  
And in my heart he liv'd, till, when exchang'd,  
Duty and honor call'd me from my friend.  
Judge how my heart is tortur'd.— Gracious Heaven,  
Thus, thus to meet him on the brink of death—  
A death so infamous. Heav'n grant my prayer.

[Kneels.]

That I may save him, O, inspire my heart  
With thoughts, my tongue with words that move to  
pity. [*Rises.*]  
Quick, Melville, show me where my André lies.

MELVILLE.

Good wishes go with you.

BLAND.

I'll save my friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the encampment by star-light.*

*Enter the* GENERAL, M'DONALD, *and* SEWARD.

GENERAL.

'T is well. Each sentinel upon his post  
Stands firm, and meets me at the bayonet's point ;  
While in his tent the weary soldier lies,  
The sweet reward of wholesome toil enjoying ;  
Resting secure as erst within his cot  
He careless slept, his rural labor o'er ;  
Ere Britons dar'd to violate those laws,  
Those boasted laws by which themselves are govern'd,  
And strove to make their fellow-subjects slaves.

SEWARD.

They know to whom they owe their present safety.

## GENERAL.

I hope they know that to themselves they owe it ;  
 To that good discipline which they observe,  
 The discipline of men to order train'd  
 Who know its value, and in whom 't is virtue ;  
 To that prompt hardihood with which they meet  
 Or toil or danger, poverty or death.  
 Mankind who know not whence that spirit springs,  
 Which holds at bay all Britain's boasted power,  
 Gaze on their deeds astonish'd. See the youth  
 Start from his plough and straightway play the hero ;  
 Unmurmuring bear such toils as veterans shun ;  
 Rest all content upon the dampsome earth ;  
 Follow undaunted to the deathful charge ;  
 Or, when occasion asks, lead to the breach,  
 Fearless of all the unusual din of war,  
 His former peaceful mates. O patriotism !  
 Thou wondrous principle of godlike action.  
 Wherever liberty is found, there reigns  
 The love of country. Now the self-same spirit  
 Which fill'd the breast of great Leonidas  
 Swells in the hearts of thousands on these plains,  
 Thousands who never heard the hero's tale.  
 'T is this alone which saves thee, O my country !  
 And, till that spirit flies these western shores,  
 No power on earth shall crush thee.

## SEWARD.

'T is wondrous !

The men of other climes from this shall see  
 How easy 't is to shake oppression off ;

How all-resistless is a union'd people ;  
 And hence, from our success (which, by my soul,  
 I feel as much secur'd as though our foes  
 Were now within their floating prisons hous'd,  
 And their proud prows all pointing to the east),  
 Shall other nations break their galling fetters,  
 And re-assume the dignity of man.

M'DONALD.

Are other nations in that happy state,  
 That, having broke Coercion's iron yoke,  
 They can submit to Order's gentle voice,  
 And walk on earth self-ruled ? I much do fear it.  
 As to ourselves, in truth, I nothing see,  
 In all the wond'rous deeds which we perform,  
 But plain effects from causes full as plain.  
 Rises not man forever 'gainst oppression ?  
 It is the law of life ; he can't avoid it.  
 But when the love of property unites  
 With sense of injuries past and dread of future,  
 Is it then wonderful that he should brave  
 A lesser evil to avoid a greater ?

GENERAL, *sportively*.

'T is hard, quite hard, we may not please ourselves,  
 By our great deeds ascribing to our virtue.

SEWARD.

M'Donald never spares to lash our pride.

M'DONALD.

In truth I know of naught to make you proud.  
I think there 's none within the camp that draws  
With better will his sword than does M'Donald.  
I have a home to guard. My son is— butcher'd —

SEWARD.

Hast thou no nobler motives for thy arms  
Than love of property and thirst of vengeance ?

M'DONALD.

Yes, my good Seward, and yet nothing wond'rous.  
I love this country for the sake of man.  
My parents, and I thank them, cross'd the seas,  
And made me native of fair Nature's world,  
With room to grow and thrive in. I have thriven ;  
And feel my mind unshackled, free, expanding,  
Grasping with ken unbounded mighty thoughts,  
At which, if chance my mother had, good dame,  
In Scotia, our revered parent soil,  
Given me to see the day, I should have shrunk  
Affrighted. Now, I see in this new world  
A resting spot for man, if he can stand  
Firm in his place, while Europe howls around him,  
And all unsettled as the thoughts of vice,  
Each nation in its turn threatens him with feeble malice.  
One trial, now, we prove ; and I have met it.

GENERAL.

And met it like a man, my brave M'Donald.

M'DONALD.

I hope so; and I hope my every act  
Has been the offspring of deliberate judgment;  
Yet feeling seconds reason's cool resolves.  
O! I could hate, if I did not more pity  
These bands of mercenary Europeans,  
So wanting in the common sense of nature,  
As, without shame, to sell themselves for pelf  
To aid the cause of darkness; murder man —  
Without inquiry murder, and yet call  
Their trade the trade of honor — high-soul'd honor —  
Yet honor shall accord in act with falsehood.  
O! that proud man should e'er descend to play  
The tempter's part, and lure men to their ruin.  
Deceit and honor badly pair together.

SEWARD.

You have much shew of reason; yet, methinks  
What you suggest of one, whom fickle Fortune,  
In her changeling mood, hath hurl'd, unpitying,  
From her topmost height to lowest misery,  
Tastes not of charity. André, I mean.

M'DONALD.

I mean him, too; sunk by misdeed, not fortune.  
Fortune and chance; O, most convenient words!  
Man runs the wild career of blind ambition,  
Plunges in vice, takes falsehood for his buoy,  
And when he feels the waves of ruin o'er him,  
Curses, "in good set terms," poor Lady Fortune.



GENERAL, *sportively to SEWARD.*

His mood is all untoward ; let us leave him.  
Tho' he may think that he is bound to rail,  
We are not bound to hear him. [*To M'DONALD.*]  
Grant you that?

M'DONALD.

O, freely, freely ! You I never rail on.

GENERAL.

No thanks for that ; you 've courtesy for office.

M'DONALD.

You slander me.

GENERAL.

Slander that would not wound.  
Worthy M'Donald, though it suits full well  
The virtuous man to frown on all misdeeds,  
Yet ever keep in mind that man is frail ;  
His tide of passion struggling still with Reason's  
Fair and favorable gale, and adverse  
Driving his unstable bark upon the  
Rocks of error. Should he sink thus shipwreck'd,  
Sure, it is not Virtue's voice that triumphs  
In his ruin. I must seek rest. Adieu !  
[*Exeunt GENERAL and SEWARD.*]

M'DONALD.

Both good and great thou art ; first among men ;  
By nature, or by early habit, grac'd

With that blest quality which gives due force  
To every faculty, and keeps the mind  
In healthful equipoise, ready for action ;  
Invaluable temperance —by all  
To be acquired, yet scarcely known to any. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT SECOND. SCENE, *a prison.*

ANDRÉ *discovered, in a pensive posture, sitting at a table ; a book by him and candles ; his dress neglected, his hair dishevelled ; he rises and comes forward.*

ANDRÉ.

KIND Heaven be thank'd for that I stand alone  
In this sad hour of life's brief pilgrimage !  
Single in misery ; no one else involving,  
In grief, in shame, and ruin. 'T is my comfort.  
Thou, my thrice honor'd sire, in peace went'st down  
Unto the tomb, nor knew to blush, nor knew  
A pang for me. And thou, revered matron,  
Could'st bless thy child, and yield thy breath in peace.  
No wife shall weep, no child lament my loss.  
Thus may I consolation find in what  
Was once my woe. I little thought to joy  
In not possessing, as I erst possest,  
Thy love, Honora ! André's death, perhaps,  
May cause a cloud pass o'er thy lovely face ;  
The pearly tear may steal from either eye ;  
For thou mayest feel a transient pang, nor wrong  
A husband's rights : more than a transient pang  
O mayest thou never feel ! The morn draws nigh

To light me to my shame. Frail nature shrinks —  
 And *is* Death then so fearful? I have brav'd  
 Him, fearless, in the field, and steel'd my breast  
 Against his thousand horrors; but his cool,  
 His sure approach, requires a fortitude  
 Which naught but conscious rectitude can give.  
 [*Retires, and sits leaning.*]

*Enter BLAND, unperceived by ANDRÉ.*

BLAND.

And is that André? O, how changed! Alas!  
 Where is that martial fire, that generous warmth,  
 Which glow'd his manly countenance throughout,  
 And gave to every look, to every act,  
 The tone of high chivalrous animation?  
 André, my friend, look up!

ANDRÉ.

Who calls *me* friend?

BLAND.

Young Arthur Bland.

ANDRÉ [*rising*].

That name sounds like a friend's. [*With emotion.*]  
 I have inquired for thee — wish'd much to see thee —  
 I prythee take no note of these fool's tears —  
 My heart was full — and seeing thee —

BLAND [*embracing him*].

O André!

I have but now arrived from the South —

Nor heard — till now — of this — I cannot speak;  
Is this a place? — O, thus to find my friend!

ANDRÉ.

Still dost thou call me friend? I, who dared act  
Against my reason, my declared opinion;  
Against my conscience and a soldier's fame?  
Oft in the generous heat of glowing youth,  
Oft have I said how fully I despis'd  
All bribery base, all treacherous tricks in war:  
Rather my blood should bathe these hostile shores,  
And have it said, "He died a gallant soldier,"  
Than with my country's gold encourage treason,  
And thereby purchase gratitude and fame.

BLAND.

Still mayest thou say it, for thy heart's the same.

ANDRÉ.

Still is my heart the same, still may I say it;  
But now my deeds will rise against my words;  
And should I dare to talk of honest truth,  
Frank undissembling probity and faith,  
Memory would crimson o'er my burning cheek,  
And actions retrospected choke the tale.  
Still is my heart the same. But there has past  
A day, an hour, which ne'er can be recall'd.  
Unhappy man! Tho' all thy life pass pure;  
Mark'd by benevolence thy every deed;  
The out-spread map, which shows the way thou 'st trod,

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I glow'd with martial heat my name to raise  
 Above the vulgar herd, who live to die,  
 And die to be forgotten. Thus I stood,  
 When avarice or ambition Arnold tempted,  
 His country, fame, and honor to betray,  
 Linking his name to infamy eternal.  
 In confidence it was to me propos'd  
 To plan with him the means which should ensure  
 Thy country's downfall. Nothing then I saw  
 But confidential favor in the service,  
 My country's glory, and my mounting fame;  
 Forgot my former purity of thought,  
 And high-ton'd honor's scruples disregarded.

BLAND.

It was thy duty so to serve thy country.

ANDRÉ.

Nay, nay; be cautious ever to admit  
 That duty can beget dissimulation.  
 On ground, unoccupied by either part,  
 Neutral esteem'd, I landed, and was met.  
 But ere my conference was with Arnold clos'd,  
 The day began to dawn; I then was told  
 That till the night I must my safety seek  
 In close concealment. Within your posts convey'd,  
 I found myself involved in unthought dangers.  
 Night came. I sought the vessel which had borne  
 Me to the fatal spot; but she was gone.  
 Retreat that way cut off, again I sought  
 Concealment with the traitors of your army.

Arnold now granted passes, and I doff'd  
My martial garb, and put on curs'd disguise.  
Thus in a peasant's form I pass'd your posts;  
And when, as I conceiv'd, my danger o'er,  
Was stopt and seiz'd by some returning scouts.  
So did ambition lead me, step by step,  
To treat with traitors, and encourage treason;  
And then, bewilder'd in the guilty scene,  
To quit my martial designating badges,  
Deny my name, and sink into the spy.

BLAND.

Thou didst no more than was a soldier's duty,  
To serve the part on which he drew his sword.  
Thou shalt not die for this. Straight will I fly —  
I surely shall prevail —

ANDRÉ.

It is in vain.

All has been tried. Each friendly argument —

BLAND.

All has not yet been tried. The powerful voice  
Of friendship in thy cause has not been heard.  
My General favors me, and loves my father —  
My gallant father, would that he were here!  
But he, perhaps, now wants an André's care,  
To cheer his hours — perhaps now languishes  
Amidst those horrors whence thou sav'dst his son.  
The present moment claims my thought. André,  
I fly to save thee!



ANDRÉ.

Bland, it is in vain.  
But, hold — there is a service thou may'st do me.

BLAND.

Speak it.

ANDRÉ.

O, think, and as a soldier think,  
How I must die — the *manner* of my death —  
Like the base ruffian, or the midnight thief,  
Ta'en in the act of stealing from the poor,  
To be turn'd off the felon's — murderer's cart,  
A mid-air spectacle to gaping clowns; —  
To run a short, an envied course of glory,  
And end it on a gibbet. —

BLAND.

Damnation!

ANDRÉ.

Such is my doom. O, have the manner changed,  
And of mere death I 'll think not. Dost thou think —?  
Perhaps thou canst gain that?

BLAND [*almost in a frenzy*].

Thou shalt not die.

ANDRÉ.

Let me, O, let me die a soldier's death,  
While friendly clouds of smoke shroud from all eyes  
My last convulsive pangs, and I 'm content.

BLAND [*with increasing emotion*].

Thou shalt not die! Curse on the laws of war!  
If worth like thine must thus be sacrificed  
To policy so cruel and unjust,  
I will forswear my country and her service;  
I 'll hie me to the Briton, and with fire,  
And sword, and every instrument of death  
Or devastation, join in the work of war.  
What! shall worth weigh for naught? I will avenge  
thee!

ANDRÉ.

Hold, hold, my friend! thy country's woes are full.  
What! wouldst thou make me cause another traitor?  
No more of this; and, if I die, believe me,  
Thy country for my death incurs no blame.  
Restrain thy ardor — but ceaselessly entreat  
That André may at least die as he lived,  
A soldier.

BLAND.

By heaven! thou shalt not die!

BLAND *rushes off*; ANDRÉ *looks after him with an expression of love and gratitude, then retires up the stage*. *Scene closes*.

SCENE, *the General's quarters.*

*Enter M'DONALD and SEWARD, in conversation.*

M'DONALD [*coming forward*].

Three thousand miles the Atlantic wave rolls on,  
Which bathed Columbia's shores, ere, on the strand  
Of Europe, or of Africa, their continents,  
Or sea-girt isles, it chafes.

SEWARD.

O, would to heaven  
That in midway between these sever'd worlds  
Rose barriers, all impassable to man,  
Cutting off intercourse, till either side  
Had lost all memory of the other!

M'DONALD.

What spur now goads thy warm imagination?

SEWARD.

Then might, perhaps, one land on earth be found,  
Free from th' extremes of poverty and riches;  
Where ne'er a scepter'd tyrant should be known,  
Or tyrant lordling, curses of creation;—  
Where the faint shrieks of woe-exhausted age,  
Raving, in feeble madness, o'er the corse  
Of a polluted daughter, stained by lust  
Of viand-pampered luxury, might ne'er be heard;  
Where the blasted form of much abused

Beauty, by villany seduced, by knowledge  
 All unguarded, might ne'er be viewed, fitting  
 Obscene, 'tween lamp and lamp, i' th' midnight street  
 Of all-defiling city; where the child —

M'DONALD.

Hold! Shroud thy raven imagination.  
 Torture not me with images so curst.

SEWARD.

Soon shall our foes inglorious fly these shores.  
 Peace shall again return. Then Europe's ports  
 Shall pour a herd upon us, far more fell  
 Than those, her mercenary sons, who now  
 Threaten our sore chastisement.

M'DONALD.

Prophet of ill,  
 From Europe shall enriching commerce flow,  
 And many an ill attendant; but ~~from~~ thence  
 Shall likewise flow blest science. Europe's knowledge,  
 By sharp experience bought, we should appropriate;  
 Striving thus to leap from that simplicity,  
 With ignorance curst, to that simplicity,  
 By knowledge blest; unknown the gulf between.

SEWARD.

Mere theoretic dreaming.

M'DONALD.

Blest wisdom  
 Seems, from out the chaos of the social world,

Where good and ill in strange commixture float,  
To rise, by strong necessity impell'd ;  
Starting, like Love divine, from womb of Night,  
Illuming all, to order all reducing ;  
And showing by its bright and noontide blaze  
That happiness alone proceeds from justice.

SEWARD.

Dreams, dreams! Man can know naught but ill on  
earth.

M'DONALD.

I 'll to my bed, for I have watch'd all night ;  
And may my sleep give pleasing repetition  
Of these my waking dreams! Virtue's incentives.  
[Exit.

SEWARD.

Folly's chimeras rather: guides to error.

*Enter BLAND, preceded by a sergeant.*

SERGEANT.

Pacquets for the General. [Exit.

BLAND.

Seward, my friend!

SEWARD.

Captain, I 'm glad to see the hue of health  
Sit on a visage from the sallow South,

BLAND.

The lustihood of youth hath yet defied  
The parching sun, and chilling dew of even.  
The General — Seward — ?

SEWARD.

I will lead you to him.

BLAND.

Seward, I must make bold. Leave us together,  
When occasion offers. 'T will be friendly.

SEWARD.

I will not cross your purpose. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *a chamber.* Enter MRS. BLAND.

MRS. BLAND.

Yes, ever be this day a festival  
In my domestic calendar. This morn  
Will see my husband free. Even now, perhaps,  
Ere yet Aurora flies the eastern hills,  
Shunning the sultry sun, my Bland embarks.  
Already, on the Hudson's dancing wave,  
He chides the sluggish rowers, or supplicates  
For gales propitious ; that his eager arms  
May clasp his wife, may bless his little ones.  
O, how the tide of joy makes my heart bound,  
Glowing with high and ardent expectation !

*Enter two CHILDREN.*

FIRST CHILD.

Here we are, Mamma, up, and dress'd already.

MRS. BLAND.

And why were ye so early ?

FIRST CHILD.

Why, did not you tell us that Papa was to be home  
to-day ?

MRS. BLAND.

I said, perhaps.

SECOND CHILD, *disappointed.*

Perhaps !

FIRST CHILD.

I don't like perhaps's.

SECOND CHILD.

No, nor I neither ; nor " may-be-so's."

MRS. BLAND.

We make not certainties, my pretty loves ;  
I do not like " perhaps's " more than you do.

SECOND CHILD.

O, don't say so, Mamma ! for I 'm sure I hardly ever  
ask you anything but you answer me with " may be  
so," " perhaps," or " very likely." " Mamma, shall I

go to the camp to-morrow, and see the General?"  
"May be so, my dear." Hang "may be so," say I!

MRS. BLAND.

Well said, Sir Pertness!

FIRST CHILD.

But I am sure, Mamma, you said that to-day Papa would have his liberty.

MRS. BLAND.

So your dear father, by his letters, told me.

SECOND CHILD.

Why, then, I am sure he will be here to-day. When he can come to us, I 'm sure he will not stay among those strange Englishmen and Hessians. I often wish'd that I had wings to fly, for then I would soon be with him.

MRS. BLAND.

Dear boy!

*Enter SERVANT, and gives a letter to MRS. BLAND.*

SERVANT.

An express, Madam, from New York to head-quarters, in passing, delivered this.

SECOND CHILD.

Papa 's coming home to-day, John.

*[Exeunt SERVANT and children.]*



MRS. BLAND.

What fears assail me! O, I did not want  
A letter now! [*She reads in great agitation, exclaim-*  
*ing, while her eyes are fixed on the paper :*]

My husband doomed to die! Retaliation!  
[*She looks forward with wildness, consternation, and*  
*horror.*]

To die, if André dies! *He* dies to-day!

My husband to be murdered! And to-day!

To-day, if André dies! Retaliation!

O curst contrivance! Madness relieve me!

Burst, burst, my brain! Yet — André is not dead;

My husband lives. [*Looks at the letter.*] "One man  
has power."

I fly to save the father of my children!

[*Rushes out.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE, *the General's quarters.*

*The GENERAL and BLAND come forward.*

GENERAL [*papers in his hand*].

CAPTAIN, you are noted here with honorable  
Praises. Depend upon that countenance  
From me, which you have prov'd yourself so richly  
Meriting. Both for your father's virtues  
And your own, your country owes you honor—  
The sole return the poor can make for service.

BLAND.

If from my country aught I've merited,  
Or gain'd the approbation of her champion,  
At any other time I should not dare,  
Presumptuously, to show my sense of it;  
But now my tongue, all shameless, dares to name  
The boon, the precious recompense, I wish,  
Which, granted, pays all service, past or future,  
O'er pays the utmost I can e'er achieve.

GENERAL.

Brief, my young friend, briefly, your purpose.

BLAND.

If I have done my duty as a soldier ;  
If I have brav'd all dangers for my country ;  
If my brave father has deserved aught ;  
Call all to mind — and cancel all — but grant  
My one request — mine, and humanity's.

GENERAL.

Be less profuse of words, and name your wish ;  
If fit, its fitness is the best assurance  
That not in vain you sue ; but, if unjust,  
Thy merits, nor the merits of thy race,  
Cannot its nature alter, nor my mind,  
From its determined opposition change.

BLAND.

You hold the fate of my most lov'd of friends ;  
As gallant soldier as e'er faced a foe,  
Bless'd with each polish'd gift of social life,  
And every virtue of humanity.  
To me, a savior from the pit of death,  
To me, and many more, my countrymen.  
Oh, could my words portray him what he is !  
Bring to your mind the blessings of his deeds,  
While thro' the fever-heated, loathsome holds  
Of floating hulks, dungeons obscene, where ne'er  
The dewy breeze of morn, or evening's coolness,  
Breath'd on our parching skins, he pass'd along,  
Diffusing blessings ; still his power exerting,  
To alleviate the woes which ruthless war,

Perhaps thro' dire necessity, heap'd on us ;  
Surely the scene would move you to forget  
His late intent — tho' only serving then  
As duty prompted — and turn the rigor  
Of War's iron law from him, the best of men,  
Meant only for the worst.

GENERAL.

Captain, no more.

BLAND.

If André lives, the prisoner finds a friend ;  
Else helpless and forlorn —  
All men will bless the act, and bless thee for it.

GENERAL.

Think'st thou thy country would not curse the man  
Who, by a clemency ill-tim'd, ill-judg'd,  
Encourag'd treason ? That pride encourag'd,  
Which, by denying us the rights of nations,  
Hath caus'd those ills which thou hast now portray'd ?  
Our prisoners, brave and generous peasantry,  
As rebels have been treated, not as men.  
'T is mine, brave yeomen, to assert your rights ;  
'T is mine to teach the foe, that, though array'd  
In rude simplicity, ye yet are men,  
And rank among the foremost. Oft their scouts,  
The very refuse of the English arms,  
Unquestion'd, have our countrymen consign'd  
To death, when captur'd, mocking their agonies.

BLAND.

Curse them ! [*Checking himself.*] Yet, let not censure  
fall on André.

O, there are Englishmen as brave, as good,  
As ~~ever~~ land on earth might call its own ;  
And gallant André is among the best !

GENERAL.

( Since they have hurl'd war on us, we must show  
That by the laws of war we will abide ;  
And have the power to bring their acts for trial  
To that tribunal, eminent 'mongst men,  
Erected by the policy of nations,  
To stem the flood of ills, which else fell war  
Would pour, uncheck'd, upon the sickening world,  
Sweeping away all trace of civil life.

BLAND.

To pardon him would not encourage ill.  
His case is singular ; his station high ;  
His qualities admired ; his virtues lov'd.

GENERAL.

No more, my good young friend : it is in vain.  
The men entrusted with thy country's rights  
Have weigh'd, attentive, every circumstance.  
An individual's virtue is by them  
As highly prized as it can be by thee.  
I know the virtues of this man and love them.  
But the destiny of millions, millions

Yet unborn, depends upon the rigor  
 Of this moment. The haughty Briton laughs  
 To scorn our armies and our councils. Mercy,  
 Humanity, call loudly, that we make  
~~Our now despised power be felt, vindictive.~~  
 Millions demand the death of this young man.  
 My injur'd country, he his forfeit life  
 Must yield, to shield thy lacerated breast  
 From torture. [*To Bland.*] Thy merits are not over-  
 look'd.  
 Promotion shall immediately attend thee.

BLAND, *with contemptuous irony.*

Pardon me, sir, I never shall deserve it.  
 [*With increasing heat.*] The country that forgets to  
 reverence virtue ;  
 That makes no difference 'twixt the sordid wretch  
 Who, for reward, risks treason's penalty,  
 And him unfortunate, whose duteous service  
 Is, by mere accident, so chang'd in form  
 As to assume guilt's semblance, I serve not :  
 Scorn to serve. I have a soldier's honor,  
 But 't is in union with a freeman's judgment,  
 And when I act, both prompt. Thus from my helm  
 I tear what once I proudly thought the badge  
 Of virtuous fellowship. [*Tears the cockade from his*  
*helmet.*] My sword I keep. [*Puts on his hel-*  
*met.*]  
 Would, André, thou hadst never put thine off.  
 Then hadst thou through opposers' hearts made way  
 To liberty, or bravely pierc'd thine own ! [*Exit.*]

GENERAL.

Rash, headstrong, maddening boy!  
 Had not this action past without a witness,  
 Duty would ask that thou shouldst rue thy folly —  
 But, for the motive, be the deed forgotten. [Exit.

SCENE, *a village.*

*At a distance some tents. In front muskets, drums, and  
 other indications of soldiers' quarters.*

*Enter MRS. BLAND and CHILDREN, attended by MEL-  
 VILLE.*

MELVILLE.

The General's doors to you are ever open.  
 But why, my worthy friend, this agitation?  
 Our colonel, your husband —

MRS. BLAND [*in tears, gives him the letter*].  
 Read, Melville.

FIRST CHILD.

Do not cry, Mamma, for I 'm sure if Papa said he  
 would come home to-day, he will come yet; for he  
 always does what he says he will.

MRS. BLAND.

He cannot come, dear love; they will not let him.

SECOND CHILD.

Why, then, they told him lies. O, fye upon them!

MELVILLE [*returning the letter*].

Fear nothing, Madam, 't is an empty threat :  
A trick of policy. They dare not do it.

MRS. BLAND.

Alas, alas! what dares not power to do?  
What art of reasoning, or what magic words,  
Can still the storm of fears these lines have raised?  
The wife's, the mother's fears? Ye innocents,  
Unconscious on the brink of what a perilous  
Precipice ye stand, unknowing that to-day  
Ye are cast down the gulph, poor babes, ye weep  
From sympathy. Children of sorrow, nurst,  
Nurtur'd, 'midst camps and arms; unknowing man,  
But as man's fell destroyer; must ye now,  
To crown your piteous fate, be fatherless?  
O, lead me, lead me to him! Let me kneel,  
Let these, my children, kneel, till André, pardon'd,  
Ensures to me a husband, them a father.

MELVILLE.

Madam, duty forbids further attendance.  
I am on guard to-day. But see your son;  
To him I leave your guidance. Good wishes  
Prosper you. [*Exit Melville.*]

*Enter* BLAND.

MRS. BLAND.

My Arthur, O my Arthur!

BLAND.

My mother! [*Embracing her.*]



MRS. BLAND.

My son, I have been wishing  
For you — [*Bursts into tears, unable to proceed.*]

BLAND.

But whence this grief, these tears, my mother ?  
Why are these little cheeks bedew'd with sorrow ?  
[*He kisses the children, who exclaim, Brother, brother !*]  
Have I done aught to cause a mother's sadness ?

MRS. BLAND.

No, my brave boy ! I oft have fear'd, but never  
Sorrow'd for thee.

BLAND.

High praise ! Then bless me, Madam ;  
For I have pass'd through many a bustling scene  
Since I have seen a father or a mother.

MRS. BLAND.

Bless thee, my boy ! O, bless him, bless him, Heaven !  
Render him worthy to support these babes,  
So soon, perhaps, all fatherless — dependent.

BLAND.

What mean'st thou, Madam ? Why these tears ?

MRS. BLAND.

Thy father —

BLAND.

A prisoner of war,— I long have known it,—  
But made so without blemish to his honor,

And soon exchang'd, returns unto his friends,  
To guard these little ones, and point and lead  
To virtue and to glory.

MRS. BLAND.

Never, never!

His life, a sacrifice to André's manes,  
Must soon be offer'd. Even now, endungeon'd,  
Like a vile felon, on the earth he lies,  
His death expecting. André's execution  
Gives signal for the murder of thy father.  
André now dies!

BLAND, *despairingly*.

My father and my friend!

MRS. BLAND.

There is but one on earth can save my husband —  
But one can pardon André.

BLAND.

Haste, my mother!

Thou wilt prevail. Take with thee in each hand  
An unoffending child of him thou weep'st.  
Save — save them both! This way — haste — lean  
on me. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE, *the General's quarters.*

*Enter the GENERAL and M'DONALD.*

GENERAL.

Here have I intimation from the foe,  
That still they deem the spy we have condemn'd,  
Merely a captive ; by the laws of arms  
From death protected ; and retaliation,  
As they term it, threaten, if we our purpose hold.  
Bland is the victim they have singled out,  
Hoping his threaten'd death will André save.

M'DONALD.

If I were Bland I boldly might advise  
My General how to act. Free, and in safety,  
I will now suppose my counsel needless

*Enter an AMERICAN OFFICER.*

OFFICER.

Another flag hath from the foe arrived,  
And craves admittance.

GENERAL.

Conduct it hither. [*Exit OFFICER.*  
Let us, unwearied hear, unbiass'd judge,  
Whate'er against our martial court's decision,  
Our enemies can bring.

*Enter BRITISH OFFICER, conducted by the AMERICAN OFFICER.*

GENERAL.

You are welcome, sir.

What further says Sir Henry ?

BRITISH OFFICER.

This from him.

He calls on you to think what weighty woes  
You now are busy bringing on your country.  
He bids me say, that if your sentence reach  
The prisoner's life — prisoner of arms he deems him,  
And no spy — on him alone it falls not.  
He bids me loud proclaim it, and declare,  
If this brave officer, by cruel mockery  
Of war's stern law, and justice' feign'd pretence,  
Be murder'd, the sequel of our strife, bloody,  
Unsparing and remorseless, you will make.  
Think of the many captives in our power.  
Already one is mark'd ; for André mark'd ; —  
And when his death, unparallel'd in war,  
The signal gives, then Colonel Bland must die.

GENERAL.

'T is well, sir ; bear this message in return.  
Sir Henry Clinton knows the laws of arms :  
He is a soldier, and, I think, a brave one.  
The prisoners he retains he must account for.  
Perhaps the reckoning 's near. I, likewise, am  
A soldier ; entrusted by my country.  
What I shall judge most for that country's good,

That shall I do. When doubtful, I consult  
My country's friends; never her enemies.  
In André's case there are no doubts; 't is clear:  
Sir Henry Clinton knows it.

BRITISH OFFICER.

Weigh consequences.

GENERAL.

In strict regard to consequence I act;  
And much should doubt to call that action right,  
Howe'er specious, whose apparent end  
Was misery to man. That brave officer  
Whose death you threaten, for himself drew not  
His sword—his country's wrongs arous'd his mind;  
Her good alone his aim; and if his fall  
Can further fire that country to resistance,  
He will, with smiles, yield up his glorious life,  
And count his death a gain; and tho' Columbians  
Will lament his fall, they will lament in blood.

[*General walks up the stage.*]

M'DONALD.

Hear this, hear this, mankind!

BRITISH OFFICER.

Thus am I answered?

*Enter a SERGEANT with a letter.*

SERGEANT.

Express from Colonel Bland. [*Delivers it and exit.*]

GENERAL.

With your permission. [*Opens it.*]

BRITISH OFFICER.

Your pleasure, sir. It may my mission further.

M'DONALD.

O Bland, my countryman, surely I know thee!

GENERAL.

'T is short ; I will put form aside, and read it.

[*Reads.*] " Excuse me, my Commander, for having a moment doubted your virtue; but you love me. If you waver, let this confirm you. My wife and children, to you and my country. Do *your* duty."

Report this to your General.

BRITISH OFFICER.

I shall, sir.

[*Bows, and exit with* AMERICAN OFFICER.

GENERAL.

O Bland, my countryman ! [*Exit, with emotion.*

M'DONALD.

Triumph of virtue!

Like him and thee, still be Americans.

Then, tho' all-powerful Europe league against us,  
And pour in arms her legions on our shores;  
Who is so dull would doubt their shameful flight?  
Who doubt our safety, and our glorious triumph?

SCENE, *the prison.*

*Enter* BLAND.

BLAND.

Lingering, I come to crush the bud of hope  
My breath has, flattering, to existence warmed.  
Hard is the task to friendship—hard to say  
To the lov'd object, there remains no hope,  
No consolation for thee; thou *must* die  
The worst of deaths, no circumstance abated.

*Enter* ANDRÉ, *in his uniform, and dress'd.*

ANDRÉ.

Is there that state on earth which friendship cannot  
cheer?

BLAND.

Little *I* bring to cheer thee, André.

ANDRÉ.

I understand. 'T is well. 'T will soon be past.  
Yet, 't was not much I asked. A soldier's death,  
A trifling change of form.

BLAND.

Of that I spoke not.

By vehemence of passion hurried on,  
I pleaded for thy precious life alone;  
The which denied, my indignation barr'd

All further parley. But strong solicitation  
Now is urg'd to gain the wish'd-for favor.

ANDRÉ.

What is 't o'clock?

BLAND.

'T is past the stroke of nine.

ANDRÉ.

Why, then, 't is almost o'er. But to be hung —  
Is there no way to escape that infamy?  
What then *is* infamy? —no matter — no matter.

BLAND.

Our General hath received another flag.

ANDRÉ.

Soliciting for me?

BLAND.

On thy behalf.

ANDRÉ.

I have been ever favor'd.

BLAND.

Threat'nings, now ;  
No more solicitations. Harsh, indeed,  
The import of the message ; harsh, indeed.

ANDRÉ.

I am sorry for it. Would that I were dead,  
And all was well with those I leave behind.



BLAND.

Such a threat! Is it not enough, just Heaven,  
That I must lose this man? Yet there was left  
One for my soul to rest on. But, to know  
That the same blow deprives them both of life—

ANDRÉ.

What mean'st thou, Bland? Surely my General  
Threats not retaliation. In vengeance  
Dooms not some better man to die for me?

BLAND.

The best of men.

ANDRÉ.

Thou hast a father, captive—  
I dare not ask—

BLAND.

That father dies for thee.

ANDRÉ.

Gracious Heaven, how woes are heap'd upon me!  
What! cannot one, so trifling in life's scene,  
Fall, without drawing such a ponderous ruin?  
Leave me, my friend, awhile—I yet have life—  
A little space of life—let me exert it  
To prevent injustice; from death to save  
Thy father, thee to save from utter desolation.

BLAND.

What mean'st thou, André?

**ANDRÉ.**

Seek thou the messenger  
Who brought this threat. I will my last entreaty  
Send by him. My General, sure, will grant it.

**BLAND.**

To the last thyself!

*[Exit.***ANDRÉ.**

If, at this moment,  
When the pangs of death already touch me,  
Firmly my mind against injustice strives,  
And the last impulse to my vital powers  
Is given by anxious wishes to redeem  
My fellow-men from pain; surely my end,  
Howe'er accomplish'd, is not infamous.

*[Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE, *the encampment.*

*Enter M'DONALD and BLAND.*

BLAND.

IT doth in truth appear, that as a — spy —  
Detested word! — brave André must be view'd.  
His sentence he confesses strictly just.  
Yet sure, a deed of mercy, from thy hand,  
Could never lead to ill. By such an act,  
The stern and blood-stain'd brow of War  
Would be disarmed of half its gorgon horrors;  
More humanized customs be induced;  
And all the race of civilized man  
Be blest in the example. Be it thy suit;  
'T will well become thy character and station.

M'DONALD.

Trust me, young friend, I am alone the judge  
Of what becomes my character and station;  
And having judg'd that this young Briton's death,  
Even 'though attended by thy father's murder,  
Is necessary, in these times accurs'd,  
When every thought of man is ting'd with blood,  
I will not stir my finger to redeem them.

Nay, much I wonder, Bland, having so oft  
The reasons for this necessary rigor  
Enforced upon thee, thou wilt still persist  
In vain solicitations. Imitate  
Thy father!

BLAND.

My father knew not André.  
I know his value; owe to him my life;  
And gratitude, that first, that best of virtues,—  
Without the which man sinks beneath the brute,—  
Binds me in ties indissoluble to him.

M'DONALD.

That man-created virtue blinds thy reason.  
Man owes to man all love; when exercised,  
He does no more than duty. Gratitude,  
That selfish rule of action, which commands  
That we our preference make of men,  
Not for their worth, but that they did *us* service,  
Misleading reason, casting in the way  
Of justice stumbling-blocks, cannot be virtue.

BLAND.

Detested sophistry! 'T was André sav'd me.

M'DONALD.

He sav'd thy life, and thou art grateful for it.  
How self intrudes, delusive, on man's thoughts.  
He sav'd thy life, yet strove to damn thy country;  
Doom'd millions to the haughty Briton's yoke;  
The best and foremost in the cause of virtue

To death, by sword, by prison, or the halter;  
His sacrifice now stands the only bar  
Between the wanton cruelties of war  
And our much-suffering soldiers; yet when weigh'd  
With gratitude, for that he sav'd *thy* life,  
These things prove gossamer, and balance air; —  
Perversion monstrous of man's moral sense!

BLAND.

Rather perversion monstrous of all good  
Is thy accurs'd, detestable opinion.  
Cold-blooded reasoners, such as thee, would blast  
All warm affection; asunder sever  
Every social tie of humanized man.  
Curst be thy sophisms, cunningly contriv'd  
The callous coldness of thy heart to cover,  
And screen thee from the brave man's detestation!

M'DONALD.

Boy, boy!

BLAND.

Thou knowest that André 's not a spy.

M'DONALD.

I know him one. Thou hast acknowledg'd it.

BLAND.

Thou liest!

M'DONALD.

Shame on thy ruffian tongue! How passion  
Mars thee! I pity thee. Thou canst not harm,

By words intemperate, a virtuous man.  
 I pity thee; for passion sometimes sways  
 My older frame, through former uncheck'd habit;  
 But when I see the havoc which it makes  
 In others, I can shun the snare accurst,  
 And nothing feel but pity.

BLAND, *indignantly*.

Pity me! [*Approaches him, and speaks in an under voice.*]  
 'Thou canst be cool, yet, trust me, passion sways thee.  
 Fear does not warm the blood, yet 't is a passion.  
 Hast thou no feeling? I have call'd thee liar!

M'DONALD.

If thou could'st make me one, I then might grieve.

BLAND.

Thy coolness goes to freezing; thou 'rt a coward!

M'DONALD.

Thou knowest thou tell'st a falsehood.

BLAND.

Thou shalt know

None with impunity speaks thus of me.  
 That to rouse thy courage! [*Touches him gently with  
 his open hand, in crossing him. M'DONALD looks  
 at him unmoved.*] Dost thou not yet feel?

M'DONALD.

For *thee* I feel. And, tho' another's acts  
 Cast no dishonor on the worthy man,

I still feel for thy father. Yet, remember,  
I may not, haply, ever be thus guarded ;  
I may not always the distinction make,  
However just, between the blow intended  
To provoke, and one that 's meant to injure.

BLAND.

Hast thou no sense of honor ?

M'DONALD.

Truly, yes :  
For I am honor's votary. Honor, with me,  
Is worth ; 't is truth ; 't is virtue ; 't is a thing  
So high preëminent, that a boy's breath,  
Or brute's, or madman's blow can never reach it.  
My honor is so much, so truly mine,  
That none hath power to wound it, save myself.

BLAND.

I will proclaim thee through the camp a coward.

M'DONALD.

Think better of it. Proclaim not thine own shame.

BLAND.

I 'll brand thee,— damnation ! [Exit.

M'DONALD.

O passion, passion !  
A man who values fame far more than life ;  
A brave young man ; in many things a good ;

Utters vile falsehood ; adds injury to insult ;  
 Striving with blood to seal such foul injustice ;  
 And all from impulse of unbridled feeling. [*Pause.*]  
 Here comes the mother of this headstrong boy,  
 Severely rack'd. What shall allay her torture ?  
 For common consolation, *here*, is insult.

*Enter MRS. BLAND and CHILDREN.*

MRS. BLAND.

O my good friend !

M'DONALD [*taking her hand*].

I know thy cause of sorrow.  
 Art thou now from our Commander ?

MRS. BLAND [*drying her tears and assuming dignity*].

I am.

But vain is my entreaty. All unmov'd  
 He hears my words, he sees my desperate sorrow.  
 Fain would I blame his conduct, but I cannot.  
 Strictly examin'd, with intent to mark  
 The error which so fatal proves to *me*,  
 My scrutiny but ends in admiration.  
 Thus when the prophet from the hills of Moab  
 Look'd down upon the chosen race of Heaven,  
 With fell intent to curse, ere yet he spake,  
 Truth all resistless, emanation bright  
 From great Adonai, fill'd his froward mind,  
 And chang'd the curses of his heart to blessings.



M'DONALD.

Thou payest high praise to virtue. Whither now ?

MRS. BLAND.

I still must hover round this spot until  
My doom is known.

M'DONALD.

Then to my quarters, lady ;  
There shall my mate give comfort and refreshment :  
One of your sex can best your sorrows soothe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the prison.*

*Enter* BLAND.

BLAND.

Where'er I look, cold desolation meets me.  
My father — André — and self-condemnation.  
Why seek I André now ? Am *I* a man  
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering friend ?  
The weather-cock of passion ! fool inebriate !  
Who could with ruffian hand strive to provoke  
Hoar wisdom to intemperance ! Who could lie !  
Aye, swagger, lie, and brag ! — Liar ! Damnation !  
O, let me steal away and hide my head,  
Nor view a man, condemned to harshest death,  
Whose words and actions, when by mine compar'd,  
Show white as innocence and bright as truth.  
I now would shun him, but that his shorten'd  
Thread of life gives me no line to play with.

*He* comes with smiles, and all the air of triumph,  
While *I* am sinking with remorse and shame ;  
Yet *he* is doom'd to death, and *I* am free.

*Enter* ANDRÉ.

ANDRÉ.

Welcome, my Bland ! Cheerly, a welcome hither !  
I feel assurance that my last request  
Will not be slighted. Safely thy father  
Shall return to thee. [*Holding out a paper.*] See what  
employment  
For a dying man. Take thou these verses ;  
And, after my decease, send them to her  
Whose name is woven in them ; whose image  
Hath controul'd my destiny. Such tokens  
Are rather out of date. Fashions  
There are in love as in all else ; they change  
As variously. A gallant knight, erewhile,  
Of Cœur de Lion's day, would, dying, send  
His heart home to its mistress ; degenerate  
Soldier, I send but some blotted paper.

BLAND.

If 't would not damp thy present cheerfulness,  
I would require the meaning of thy words.  
I ne'er till now did hear of André's mistress.

ANDRÉ.

Mine is a story of that common kind,  
So often told, with scanty variation,  
That the pall'd ear loaths the repeated tale.

Each young romancer chuses for his theme  
The woes of youthful hearts, by the cold hand  
Of frosty age, arm'd with parental power,  
Asunder torn. But I long since have ceas'd  
To mourn ; well satisfied that she I love,  
Happy in holy union with another,  
Shares not my wayward fortunes, nor would I  
Now these tokens send, remembrance to awaken,  
But that I know her happy ; and the happy  
Can think on misery and share it not.

BLAND [*agitated*].

Some one approaches.

ANDRÉ.

Why, 't is near the time !

But tell me, Bland, say, is the manner chang'd ?

BLAND.

I hope it, but I yet have no assurance.

ANDRÉ.

Well, well !

HONORA [*without*].

I must see him.

ANDRÉ.

Who's voice was that ?

My senses ! Do I dream ? [*Leans on BLAND.*]

*Enter HONORA.*

HONORA.

Where is he ?

ANDRÉ.

'T is she !

[Starts from BLAND and advances towards HONORA ;  
she rushes into his arms.]

HONORA.

It is enough ! He lives, and *I* shall save him.

[She faints in the arms of ANDRÉ.]

ANDRÉ.

She sinks — assist me, Bland ! O, save her, save her !

[Places her in a chair and looks tenderly on her.]

Yet, why should she awake from that sweet sleep ?

Why should she ope her eyes—[wildly]—to see me  
hung !What does she here ? Stand off—[tenderly]—and  
let her die.

How pale she looks ! How worn that tender frame !

She has known sorrow ! Who could injure her ?

BLAND.

She revives — André—soft, bend her forward.

[ANDRÉ kneels and supports her.]

HONORA.

André ! —

ANDRÉ.

Lov'd excellence !

HONORA.

Yes, it is André! [*Rises and looks at him.*]  
No more deceived by visionary forms,  
By him supported — [*Leans on him.*]

ANDRÉ.

Why is this?  
Thou dost look pale, Honora — sick and wan —  
Languid thy fainting limbs —

HONORA.

All will be well.  
But was it kind to leave me as thou did'st?  
So rashly to desert thy vow-link'd wife?

ANDRÉ.

When made another's both by vows and laws —

HONORA [*quitting his support*].

What meanest thou?

ANDRÉ.

Did'st thou not marry him?

HONORA.

Marry!

ANDRÉ.

Did'st thou not give thy hand away  
From me?

HONORA.

O, never, never.

ANDRÉ.

Not married?

HONORA.

To none but thee, and but in will to thee.

ANDRÉ.

O blind, blind wretch! Thy father told me—

HONORA.

Thou wast deceived. They hurried me away,  
Spreading false rumors to remove thy love—  
[*Tenderly.*] Thou did'st too soon believe them.

ANDRÉ.

Thy father—

How could I but believe Honora's father?  
And he did tell me so. I reverenc'd age,  
Yet knew age was not virtue. I believed  
His snowy locks, and yet they did deceive me.  
I have destroy'd myself and thee!—Alas,  
Ill-fated maid, why did'st thou not forget me?  
Hast thou rude seas and hostile shores explor'd  
For this? To see my death? Witness my shame?

HONORA.

I come to bless thee, André, and shall do it.  
I bear such offers from thy kind Commander

As must prevail to save thee. Thus the daughter  
May repair the ills her cruel sire inflicted.  
My father, dying, gave me cause to think  
That arts were us'd to drive thee from thy home ;  
But what those arts I knew not. An heiress left,  
Of years mature, with power and liberty,  
I straight resolv'd to seek thee o'er the seas.  
A long-known friend, who came to join her lord,  
Yielded protection and lov'd fellowship.—  
Indeed, when I did hear of thy estate,  
It almost kill'd me ;— I was weak before—

ANDRÉ.

'T is I have murder'd thee !

HONORA.

All shall be well.  
Thy General heard of me, and instant form'd  
The plan of this my visit. I am strong,  
Compar'd with what I was. Hope strengthens me ;  
Nay, even solicitude supports me now ;  
And when thou shalt be safe, *thou* wilt support me.

ANDRÉ.

Support thee !—O Heaven ! What !—and *must* I die ?  
Die !—and leave her *thus*—suffering —unprotected !

*Enter MELVILLE and GUARD.*

MELVILLE.

I am sorry that my duty should require

Service, at which my heart revolts ; but, sir,  
Our soldiers wait in arms. All is prepar'd —

HONORA.

To death ! Impossible ! Has my delay,  
Then, murder'd him ? A momentary respite —

MELVILLE.

Lady, I have no power.

BLAND.

Melville, my friend,  
This lady bears dispatches of high import,  
Touching this business ; should they arrive too late —

HONORA.

For pity's sake, and heaven's, conduct me to him ;  
And wait the issue of our conference.  
O, 't would be murder of the blackest dye,  
Sin execrable, not to break thy orders —  
Inhuman, thou art not.

MELVILLE.

Lady, thou say'st true ;  
For rather would I lose my rank in arms,  
And stand cashier'd for lack of discipline,  
Than gain 'mongst military men all praise,  
Wanting the touch of sweet humanity.

HONORA.

Thou grantest my request ?



MELVILLE.

Lady, I do.

Retire !

*[Soldiers go out.]*

BLAND.

I know not what excuse, to martial men,  
Thou canst advance for this ; but to thy heart  
Thou wilt need none, good Melville.

ANDRÉ.

O Honora !

HONORA.

Cheer up, I feel assur'd. Hope wings my flight,  
To bring thee tidings of much joy to come.

*[Exit HONORA, with BLAND and MELVILLE.]*

ANDRÉ.

Eternal blessings on thee, matchless woman !  
If Death now comes, he finds the veriest coward  
That e'er he dealt withal. I cannot think  
Of dying. Void of fortitude, each thought  
Clings to the world—the world that holds Honora !  
*[Exit.]*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE, *the encampment.**Enter BLAND.*

BLAND.

SUSPENCE—uncertainty—man's bane and solace,  
How racking now to me! My mother comes.  
Forgive me, O my father, if in this war,  
This wasting conflict of my 'wilderer passions,  
Memory of thee holds here a second place.  
M'Donald comes with her. I would not meet him;  
Yet I will do it. Summon up some courage—  
Confess my fault, and gain, if not his love,  
At least the approbation of my judgment.

[*Enter MRS. BLAND and CHILDREN, with M'DONALD.*]

BLAND.

Say, Madam, is there no change of counsel,  
Or new determination?

MRS. BLAND.

Naught new, my son.  
The tale of misery is told unheard.  
The widow's and the orphans' sighs

Fly up, unnoted by the eye of man,  
And mingle, undistinguish'd, with the winds.  
My friend [*to M'Donald*], attend thy duties. I  
must away.

## SECOND CHILD.

You need not cry, Mamma, the General will do it, I  
am sure, for I saw him cry. He turn'd away his head  
from *you*, but I saw it.

## MRS. BLAND.

Poor thing! Come, let us home and weep. Alas!  
I can no more, for war hath made men rocks.  
[*Exeunt* MRS. BLAND and CHILDREN.]

## BLAND.

Colonel, I used thee ill this morning.

## M'DONALD.

No!

Thyself thou used'st most vilely, I remember.

## BLAND.

Myself sustained the injury, most true;  
But the intent of what I said and did  
Was ill to thee alone; I 'm sorry for it.  
See'st thou these blushes? They proceed from warmth  
As honest as the heart of man e'er felt;  
But not with shame unmingled, while I force  
This tongue, debased, to own it slander'd thee,

And utter'd — I could curse it — utter'd falsehood.  
 Howe'er misled by passion, still my mind  
 Retains that sense of honest rectitude  
 Which makes the memory of an evil deed  
 A troublesome companion. I was wrong.

M'DONALD.

Why, now, this glads me; for thou now art right.  
 O, may thy tongue, henceforward, utter naught  
 But Truth's sweet precepts, in fair Virtue's cause!  
 Give me thy hand. [*Takes his hand.*] Ne'er may it  
     grasp a sword  
 But in defence of justice.

BLAND.

Yet, erewhile,  
 A few short hours scarce past, when this vile hand  
 Attempted on *thee* insult; and was raised  
 Against thy honor; ready to be raised  
 Against thy life. If this my deep remorse —

M'DONALD.

No more, no more! 'T is past. Remember it  
 But as thou would'st the action of another,  
 By thy enlighten'd judgment much condemn'd;  
 And serving as a beacon in the storms  
 Thy passions yet may raise. Remorse is vice;  
 Guard thee against its influence debasing.  
 Say to thyself: "I *am* not what I *was*;  
 I am not *now* the instrument of vice;

I 'm changed; I am a man; Virtue's firm friend;  
Sever'd forever from my former self;  
No link, but in remembrance salutary."

BLAND.

How all men tower above me !

M'DONALD.

Nay, not so.

Above what once thou wast, some few do rise;  
None above what thou art.

BLAND.

It shall be so.

M'DONALD.

It is so.

BLAND.

Then to prove it.

For I must yet a trial undergo,  
That will require a consciousness of virtue. [*Exit.*

M'DONALD.

O, what a temper doth in man reside !  
How capable of yet unthought perfection ! [*Exit.*

*SCENE, the General's quarters.*

*Enter GENERAL and SEWARD.*

GENERAL.

Ask her, my friend, to send by thee her pacquets.

[*Exit SEWARD.*]

O, what keen struggles must I undergo !  
Unbless'd estate ; to have the power to pardon ;  
The court's stern sentence to remit ; — give life ; —  
Feel the strong wish to use such blessed power ;  
Yet know that circumstances strong as fate  
Forbid to obey the impulse. O, I feel  
That man should never shed the blood of man !

*Enter SEWARD.*

SEWARD.

Naught can the lovely suitor satisfy,  
But conference with thee, and much I fear  
Refusal would cause madness.

GENERAL.

Yet to admit,  
To hear, be tortur'd, and refuse at last —

SEWARD.

Sure never man such spectacle of sorrow  
Saw before. Motionless the rough-hewn soldiers  
Silent view her, or walk aside and weep.

GENERAL [*after a pause*].

Admit her. [SEWARD *goes out*.] O, for the art, the  
precious art,  
To reconcile the sufferer to his sorrows!

[HONORA *rushes in, and throws herself wildly on her  
knees before him; he endeavors to raise her.*]

HONORA.

Nay, nay, here is my place, or here, or lower,  
Unless thou grant'st his life. All forms away!  
Thus will I clasp thy knees, thus cling to thee—  
I am his wife—'t is I have ruin'd him—  
O, save him! Give him to me! Let us cross  
The mighty seas, far, far—ne'er to offend again—  
[*The GENERAL turns away, and hides his eyes with his  
hand.*]

*Enter SEWARD and an OFFICER.*

GENERAL.

Seward, support her; my heart is torn in twain.

[HONORA, *as if exhausted, suffers herself to be raised, and  
leans on SEWARD.*]

OFFICER.

This moment, sir, a messenger arrived  
With well confirm'd and mournful information,  
That gallant Hastings, by the lawless scouts  
Of Britain taken, after cruel mockery  
With show of trial and of condemnation,  
On the next tree was hung.

HONORA, *wildly*.

O, it is false.

GENERAL.

Why, why, my country, did I hesitate ? [Exit.  
[HONORA *sinks, faints, and is borne off by SEWARD and*  
OFFICER.]

SCENE, *the prison*.

ANDRÉ *meeting* BLAND.

ANDRÉ.

How speeds Honora ? [Pause.] Art thou silent, Bland ?  
Why, then, I know my task. The mind of man,  
If not by vice debas'd, debilitated,  
Or by disease of body quite unton'd,  
Hath o'er its thoughts a power—energy divine.  
Of fortitude the source and every virtue—  
A godlike power, which e'en o'er circumstance  
Its sov'reignty exerts. Now from my thoughts,  
Honora ! Yet she is left alone—expos'd—

BLAND.

O, André, spurn me, strike me to the earth ;  
For what a wretch am I in André's mind,  
That he can think he leaves his love alone,  
And I retaining life !

ANDRÉ.

Forgive me, Bland,  
My thoughts glanc'd not on thee. Imagination



Pictur'd only, then, her orphan state, helpless;  
Her weak and grief-exhausted frame. Alas!  
This blow will kill her.

BLAND, *kneeling*.

Here do I myself  
Devote, my fortune consecrate, to thee,  
To thy remembrance, and Honora's service.

ANDRÉ.

Enough! Let me not see her more — nor think of  
her —  
Farewell, farewell, sweet image! Now for death.

BLAND.

Yet that thou should'st the felon's fate fulfil —  
Damnation! My blood boils. Indignation  
Makes the current of my life course wildly  
Through its round and maddens each emotion.

ANDRÉ.

Come, come, it matters not.

BLAND.

I do remember,  
When a boy at school, in our allotted tasks,  
We, by our puny acts, strove to pourtray  
The giant thoughts of Otway. I was Pierre.  
O, thou art Pierre's reality — a soldier,  
On whose manly brow sits fortitude enamor'd;  
A Mars, abhorring vice, yet doom'd to die

A death of infamy ; thy corse expos'd  
 To vulgar gaze — halter'd — distorted — oh —  
*[Pauses, and then adds in a low hollow voice:]*  
 Pierre had a friend to save him from such shame —  
 And so hast thou.

ANDRÉ.

No more, as thou dost love me.

BLAND.

I have a sword, and arm, that never fail'd me.

ANDRÉ.

Bland, such an act would justly thee involve,  
 And leave that helpless one thou sworest to guard  
 Expos'd to every ill. O, think not of it !

BLAND.

If thou wilt not my aid — take it thyself.  
*[Draws and offers his sword.]*

ANDRÉ.

No, men will say that cowardice did urge me. .  
 In my mind's weakness, I did wish to shun  
 That mode of death which error represented  
 Infamous : now let me rise superior ;  
 And with a fortitude too true to start  
 From mere appearances, show your country  
 That she, in me, destroys a man who might  
 Have liv'd to virtue.

BLAND [*sheathing his sword*].

I will not think more of it ;  
I was again the sport of erring passion.

ANDRÉ.

Go thou and guide Honora from this spot.

HONORA [*entering*].

Who shall oppose his wife ? I will have way !  
They, cruel, would have kept me from thee, André.  
Say, am I not thy wife ? Wilt thou deny me ?  
Indeed I am not dress'd in bridal trim.  
But I have travelled far :—rough was the road—  
Rugged and rough — that must excuse my dress.  
[*Seeing ANDRÉ's distress.*] Thou art not glad to see me.

ANDRÉ.

Break my heart !

HONORA.

Indeed, I feel not much in spirits. I wept but now.

*Enter MELVILLE and GUARD.*

BLAND [*to MELVILLE*].

Say nothing.

ANDRÉ.

I am ready.

HONORA [*seeing the GUARD*].

Are *they* here ?

*Here* again — the same — but they shall not harm me.

I am with *thee*, my André — I am safe —  
And *thou* art safe with me. Is it not so?

[*Clinging to him.*]

*Enter* MRS. BLAND.

MRS. BLAND.

Where is this lovely victim?

BLAND.

Thanks, my mother.

MRS. BLAND.

M'Donald sent me hither. My woes are past.  
Thy father, by the foe released, already  
Is in safety. This be forgotten now;  
And every thought be turn'd to this sad scene.  
Come, lady, home with me.

HONORA.

Go home with thee?

Art thou my André's mother? We will home  
And rest, for thou art weary — very weary.

[*Leans on* MRS. BLAND.]

[ANDRÉ *retires to the* GUARD, *and goes off with them,*  
*looking on her to the last, and with an action of ex-*  
*treme tenderness takes leave of her.* MELVILLE *and*  
BLAND *accompany him.*]

HONORA.

Now we will go. Come, love! Where is he?  
All gone! — I do remember — I awake —

They have him. Murder! Help! O, save him! save him!

[HONORA attempts to follow, but falls. MRS. BLAND kneels to assist her. Scene closes.]

SCENE, the encampment.

*Procession to the execution of ANDRÉ. First enter Pioneers—detachment of Infantry—military Band of Music—Infantry. The music having passed off, enter ANDRÉ between MELVILLE and AMERICAN OFFICER; they sorrowful, he cheerfully conversing as he passes over the stage.*

ANDRÉ.

It may in me be merely prejudice,  
The effect of young opinion deep engraved  
Upon the tender mind by care parental;  
But I must think your country has mistook  
Her interests. Believe me, but for this I should  
Not willingly have drawn a sword against her.

[*They bow their heads in silence.*]

Opinion must, nay, ought to sway our actions;  
Therefore —

[*Having crossed the stage, he goes out as still conversing with them. Another detachment of Infantry, with muffled and craped drums, closes the procession; as soon as they are off—*

SCENE

*draws and discovers the distant view of the encampment.]*

*[Procession enters in same order as before, proceeds up the stage, and goes off on the opposite side.]*

*Enter M'DONALD, leading BLAND, who looks wildly back.*

BLAND.

I dare not *thee* resist. Yet why, O why  
Thus hurry me away? —

M'DONALD.

Would'st thou behold—

BLAND.

O, name it not!

M'DONALD.

Or would'st thou, by thy looks  
And gestures wild, o'erthrow that manly calmness  
Which, or assumed or felt, so well becomes thy friend?

BLAND.

What means that cannon's sound?

M'DONALD [*after a pause*].

Signal of death

Appointed. André, thy friend, is now no more.

BLAND.

Farewell, farewell, brave spirit! O! let my countrymen,  
Henceforward when the cruelties of war  
Arise in their remembrance; when their ready

Speech would pour forth torrents in their foe's dis-  
praise,  
Think on this act accurst, and lock complaint in  
silence. [BLAND *throws himself on the earth.*]

M'DONALD.

Such are the dictates of the heart, not head.  
O, may the children of Columbia still  
Be taught by every teacher of mankind,  
Each circumstance of calculative gain,  
Or wounded pride, which prompted our oppressors;  
May every child be taught to lisp the tale;  
And may, in times to come, no foreign force,  
No European influence, tempt to misstate,  
Or awe the tongue of eloquence to silence.  
Still may our children's children deep abhor  
The motives, doubly deep detest the actors;  
Ever remembering that the race who plann'd,  
Who acquiesced, or did the deeds abhor'd,  
Has pass'd from off the earth; and, in its stead,  
Stand men who challenge love or detestation  
But from their proper, individual deeds.  
Never let memory of the sire's offence  
Descend upon the son.

CURTAIN DROPS.





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## AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS

RELATIVE TO

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

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Presuming that the readers of the foregoing Drama would be gratified by an account of the Hero, divested of all ornament, and separated from poetic fiction, I have collected every thing relative to him which has been made public, and shall state it in the fullest and most simple manner, according to the natural order of time.

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### LETTERS

*Addressed to MISS SEWARD by MAJOR ANDRÉ, when  
he was a youth of eighteen.*

CLAPTON, October 3, 1769.

FROM their agreeable excursion to *Shrewsbury* my friends are by this time returned to their beloved *Lichfield*. Once again have they beheld those fortunate spires, the constant witnesses of all their pains and pleasures. I can well conceive the emotions of joy which their first appearance, from the neighboring hills, excites after absence; they seem to welcome you home, and invite you to reiterate those hours of happiness, of which they are a species of monument. I shall have an eternal love and reverence for them. Never shall I forget the joy that danced in Honora's

eyes, when she first showed them to me from the Needwood Forest, on our return with you from Buxton to Lichfield. I remember she called them the *Ladies of the Valley*—their lightness and elegance deserve the title. Oh! how I lov'd them from that instant! My enthusiasm concerning them is carried farther even than yours and Honora's, for every object that has a pyramidal form recalls them to my recollection, with a sensation that brings the tear of pleasure into my eyes.

How happy must you have been at Shrewsbury! only that you tell me, alas! that dear Honora was not so well as you wished during your stay there. I always hope the best. My impatient spirit rejects every obtruding idea which I have not fortitude to support.—Doctor Darwin's skill, and your tender care, will remove that sad pain in her side, which makes writing troublesome and injurious to her; which robs her poor Cher Jean\* of those precious pages with which he flatters himself she would otherwise have indulged him.

So, your happiness at Shrewsbury scorn'd to be indebted to public amusements—five virgins—united in the soft bonds of friendship! How I should have lik'd to have made thy sixth! But you surprise me by such an absolute exclusion of the beaux—I certainly thought that when five wise virgins were watching at midnight, it must have been in expectation of the bridegroom's coming. We are at this instant five

\* A name of kindness, by which Mr. André was often called by his mother and sisters, and generally adopted by the persons mentioned in these letters.

virgins, writing round the same table—my three sisters, Mr. Ewer, and myself. I beg no reflections injurious to the honor of poor *Cher Jean*. My mother is gone to pay a visit, and has left us in possession of the old coach; but as for nags, we can boast of only two long-tails, and my sisters say they are sorry cattle, being no other than my friend Ewer and myself, who, to say truth, have enormous pig-tails.

My dear Boissier is come to town; he has brought a little of the soldier with him; but he is the same honest, warm, intelligent friend I always found him. He sacrifices the town diversions, since I will not partake of them. We are jealous of your correspondents, who are so numerous; yet, write to the *Andrés* often, my dear JULIA, for who are they that will value your letters quite as much as we value them? The least scrap of a letter will be received with the greatest joy. Write, therefore, though it were only to give us the comfort of having a piece of paper which has recently passed through your hands—HONORA will put in a little postscript, were it only to tell me that she is my very sincere friend, who will neither give me love nor comfort. Very short indeed, HONORA, was thy last postscript! But I am too presumptuous; I will not scratch out, but I unsay—from the little there was I received more joy than I deserve. This *Cher Jean* is an impertinent fellow, but he will grow discreet in time—you must consider him as a poor novice of eighteen, who, for all the sins he may commit, is sufficiently punished in the single evil of being 120 miles from Lichfield.

My mother and sisters will go to Putney in a few days, to stay some time. We none of us like Clapton; I need not care, for I am all day in town; but it is avoiding Scylla to fall into Charybdis. You paint to me the pleasant vale of Stow in the richest autumnal coloring. In return I must tell you that my zephyrs are wafted through cracks in the wainscot; for murmuring streams I have dirty kennels; for bleating flocks, grunting pigs; and squalling cats for birds that incessantly warble. I have said something of this sort in my letter to Miss Spearman, and am twing'd with the idea of these epistles being confronted, and that I shall recall to your memory the fat knight's love letters to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

JULIA, perhaps thou fanciest I am merry—alas! But I do not wish to make you as doleful as myself; and besides, when I would express the tender feelings of my soul, I have no language which does them any justice; if I had, I should regret that you could not have it fresher, and that whatever one communicates by letter must go such a roundabout way before it reaches one's correspondent; from the writer's heart through his head, arm, hand, pen, ink, paper, over many a weary hill and dale, to the eye, head, and heart of the reader. I have often regretted our not possessing a sort of faculty which should enable our sensations, remarks, etc., to arise from their source in a sort of exhalation, and fall upon our paper in words and phrases properly adapted to express them, without passing through an imagination whose operations so often fail to second those of the heart. Then what a

metamorphose should we see in people's stile! How eloquent those who are truly attached! How stupid they who falsely profess affection! Perhaps the former had never been able to express half their regard; while the latter, by their flowers of rhetoric, had made us believe a thousand times more than they ever felt; but this is whimsical moralizing.

My sister's Penseosos were dispersed on their arrival in town, by the joy of seeing Louisa and their dear little brother Billy again, our kind and excellent uncle Giradot, and uncle Lewis André. I was glad to see them; but they complained, not without reason, of the gloom upon my countenance: Billy wept for joy that we were returned, while poor *Cher Jean* was ready to weep for sorrow. Louisa has grown still handsomer since we left her. Our sisters, Mary and Anne, knowing your partiality to beauty, are afraid that when they shall introduce her to you, she will put their noses out of joint. Billy is not old enough for me to be afraid of in the rival way, else I should keep him aloof, for his heart is formed of those affectionate materials, so dear to the ingenuous taste of JULIA and her HONORA.

I sympathize in your resentment against the Canonical Dons, who stumpify the heads of those good green people,\* beneath whose friendly shade so many of your happiest hours have glided away; but they defy them; let them stumpify as much as they please, time will repair the mischief; their verdant arms will again extend, and invite you to their shelter.

\* The trees in the Cathedral walk in Lichfield.

The evenings grow very long; I hope your conversation round the fire will sometimes fall on the Andrés; it will be a great comfort that they are remembered. We chink our glasses to your healths at every meal; "here's to our Lichfieldian friends," says Nanny; "Oh, Ho!" says Mary; "with all my soul," says I; "alons," cries my mother; and the draught seems nectar. The libation made us begin our uncloying theme, and so beguile the gloomy evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward will accept my most affectionate respects. My male friend at Lichfield will join in your conversation on the Andrés. Among the numerous good qualities he is possessed of, he certainly has gratitude, and then he cannot forget those who so sincerely love and esteem him; I, in particular, shall always recall with pleasure the happy hours I have passed in his company; my friendship for him and for your family has diffused itself, like the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, on every thing which surrounds you; therefore I beg you will give my amities to the whole town. Persuade Honora to forgive the length and ardor of the inclosed, and believe me truly,

Your affectionate and faithful friend,

J. ANDRÉ.

## LETTER II.

LONDON, October 19, 1769.

FROM the midst of books, papers, bills, and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowsy head awhile, to converse with dear JULIA. And first, as I know she has a fervent wish to see me a quill-driver, I must tell her that I begin, as most people are wont to do, to look upon my future profession with great partiality. I no longer see it in so disadvantageous a light. Instead of figuring a merchant as a middle-aged man with a bob wig, a rough beard, in snuff-colored clothes, grasping a guinea in his red hand, I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding a pen with all the noble fierceness of the Duke of Marlborough brandishing a truncheon upon a sign-post, surrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopiæ that disembogue their stores upon his head; Mercuries reclin'd upon bales of goods; Genii playing with pens, ink, and paper; while in perspective, his gorgeous vessels, launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames, are wafting to distant lands the produce of this commercial nation. Thus all the mercantile glories crowd on my fancy, emblazoned in the most refulgent coloring of an ardent imagination. Borne on her soaring pinions, I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labors with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me. I see orphans and widows, and painters, fiddlers, and poets, and builders, protected and encouraged; and when the fabrick is

pretty near finished by my shattered penitence. I took my eyes around and find John Andre by a small oval fire in a gloomy smoking-house in Warrford Court, doing so little as what he has been making himself out to be, and probably never to be much more than he is at present. But oh my dear HONORA, it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth. You say she was somewhat better at the time you wrote last. I must flatter myself that she will soon be without any remains of this threatening disease.

It is seven o'clock; you and HONORA, with two or three more select friends, are now probably encircling your dressing-room fire-place. What would I not give to enlarge that circle. The idea of a clean hearth, and a snug circle round it, formed by a few sincere friends, transports me. You seem combined together against the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, bustle, ceremony, censoriousness, and envy of the world. The purity, the warmth, the kindling influence of the fire to all for whom it is kindled, is a good emblem of the friendship of such amiable minds as JULIA'S and her HONORA'S. Since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you; admit me to your conversations; think how I wish for the blessing of joining them! and be persuaded that I take part in all your pleasures, in the dear hope that ere it be very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place; let the poker, tongs, or shovel represent me; but you have Dutch tiles, which are infinitely better; so let Moses, or Aaron, or Balaam's ass be my representative.

But time calls me to Clapton. I quit you abruptly till to-morrow; when, if I do not tear the nonsense I



have been writing, I may perhaps increase its quantity, Signora Cynthia is in clouded majesty. Silvered with her beams I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own stumps; musing as I homeward plod my way. Ah, need I name the subject of my contemplation?

THURSDAY.

I had a sweet walk home last night, and found the Claptonians, with their fair guest, Miss Mourgue, very well. My sisters send their amities, and will write in a few days.

This morning I returned to town. It has been the finest day imaginable. A solemn mildness was diffused throughout the blue horizon; its light was clear and distinct, rather than dazzling; the serene beams of the autumnal sun, gilded hills, variegated woods, glittering spires, ruminating herds, bounding flocks, all combined to enchant the eyes, expand the heart, and "chace all sorrow but despair." In the midst of such a scene, no lesser grief can prevent our sympathy with nature. A calmness, a benevolent disposition seizes us with sweet, insinuating power. The very brute creation seem sensible of these beauties; there is a species of mild cheerfulness in the face of a lamb, which I have but indifferently expressed in a corner of my paper; and a demure, contented look in an ox, which, in the fear of expressing still worse, I leave unattempted.

Business calls me away. I must dispatch my letter. Yet, what does it contain? No matter, you like any thing better than news. Indeed, you never told me so, but I have an intuitive knowledge upon the subject,

from the sympathy which I have constantly perceived in the taste of JULIA and *Cher Jean*. What is it to you or me,

If here in the City we have nothing but riot.  
 If the Spitalfield weavers can't be kept quiet.  
 If the weather is fine, or the streets should be dirty,  
 Or if Mr. Dick Wilson died aged of thirty?

But, if I was to hearken to the versifying grumbling I feel within me, I should fill my paper and not have room left to entreat that you would plead my cause to HONORA more eloquently than the inclosed letter has the power of doing. Apropos of verses, you desire me to recollect my random description of the engaging appearance of the charming Mrs. ——. Here it is, at your service :

Then rustling and bustling the lady comes down,  
 With a flaming red face, and a broad yellow gown,  
 And a hobbling out-of-breath gait, and a frown. }

This little French cousin of ours, Delariseé, was my sister Mary's play-fellow at Paris. His sprightliness engages my sisters extremely. Doubtless they talk much of him to you in their letters.

How sorry I am to bid you adieu. Oh, let me not be forgot by the friends most dear to you at Lichfield. Lichfield! Ah, of what magic letters is that little word composed. How graceful it looks when it is written! Let nobody talk to me of its original meaning, "The field of blood." Oh, no such thing! It is the field of joy! "The beautiful city, that lifts up her fair head

in the valley, and says, I am, and there is none beside me." Who says she is vain? JULIA will not say so, nor yet HONORA; and least of all their devoted

JOHN ANDRÉ.

LETTER III.

CLAPTON, November 1, 1769.

MY ears still ring with the sounds of "Oh, Jack! oh, Jack! How do the dear Lichfieldians? What do they say? What are they about? What did you do while you were with them?" "Have patience," said I, "good people"; and began my story, which they devoured with as much joyful avidity as Adam did Gabriel's tidings of Heaven. My mother and sisters are all very well, and delighted with their little Frenchman, who is a very agreeable lad.

Surely you applaud the fortitude with which I left you. Did I not come off with flying colors? It was a great effort; for, alas! this recreant heart did not second the smiling courage of the countenance; nor is it yet as it ought to be, from the hopes it may reasonably entertain of seeing you all again ere the winter's dreary hours are past. JULIA, my dear JULIA! gild them with tidings of our beloved HONORA! Oh, that you may be enabled to tell me that she regains her health and her charming vivacity. Your sympathising heart partakes all the joys and pains of your friends. Never can I forget its kind offices, which were of such moment to my peace. Mine is formed

for friendship ; and I am blest in being able to place so well the purest passion of an ingenuous mind. How am I honored in Mr. and Mrs. Seward's attachment to me. Charming were the anticipations which beguiled the long tracts of hill and dale and plain that divide London from Lichfield. With what delight my eager eyes drank their first view of the dear spires. What rapture did I not feel on entering your gates ; in flying up the hall steps ; in rushing into the dining-room ; in meeting the gladdened eyes of dear JULIA and her enchanting friend. That instant convinced me of the truth of Rousseau's observation, "That there are moments worth ages." Shall not those moments return ? Ah, JULIA, the cold hand of absence is heavy upon the heart of your poor *Cher Jean*, he is forced to hammer into it perpetually every consoling argument that the magic wand of hope can conjure up ; viz., that every moment of industrious absence advances his journey, you know whither. I may sometimes make excursions to Lichfield, and bask in the light of my HONORA's eyes. Sustain me, hope ! nothing on my part shall be wanting which may induce thee to fulfill thy blossoming promises.

The happy social circle, JULIA, HONORA, Miss S—n, Miss B——n, her brother, Mr. S——e, Mr. R——n, &c., &c., are now, perhaps, enlivening your dressing-room, the dear blue region, as HONORA calls it, with the sensible observation, the tasteful criticism, or the elegant song ; dreading the iron tongue of the nine o'clock bell, which disperses the beings whom friendship and kindred virtues had drawn together. My

imagination attaches itself to all, even the inanimate objects which surround HONORA and her JULIA ; that have beheld their graces and virtues expand and ripen; my dear HONORA'S, from their infant bud.

The sleepy Claptonian train are gone to bed, somewhat wearied with their excursion to Enfield, whither they have this day carried their little Frenchman; so great a favorite, the parting was quite tragical. I walked hither from town, as usual, to-night—no hour of the twenty-four is so precious to me as that devoted to this solitary walk. Oh, my friend, I am far from possessing the patient frame of mind which I so continually invoke. Why is Lichfield an hundred and twenty miles from me ? There is no moderation in the distance. Fifty or sixty miles had been a great deal too much, but then there would have been less opposition from authority to my frequent visits. I conjure you supply the want of these blessings by frequent letters; I must not, will not ask them of HONORA, since the use of the pen is forbid to her declining health. I will content myself, as usual, with a postscript from her in your epistles. My sisters are charmed with the packet which arrived yesterday, and which they will answer soon.

As yet I have said nothing of our journey. We met an entertaining Irish gentleman at Dunchurch, and being fellow-sufferers in cold and hunger, joined interests, ordered four horses, and stuffed three in a chaise. It is not to you I need apologise for talking in raptures of an higler, whom we met on our road. His cart had passed us and was at a considerable distance, when,

looking back, he perceived that our chaise had stopped, and that the driver seemed mending something. He ran up to him, and with a face full of honest anxiety, pity, good nature, and every sweet affection under heaven, asked him if he wanted any thing; that he had plenty of nails, ropes, &c., in his cart. That wretch of a postilion made no other reply than, "We want nothing, master." From the same impulse, the good Irishman, Mr. Till, and myself, thrust our heads instantly out of the chaise, and tried to recompence to the honest creature the surly reply by every kind and grateful acknowledgment, and by forcing upon him a little pecuniary tribute. My benevolence will be the warmer while I live, for the treasured remembrance of this higler's countenance.

I know you interest yourself in my destiny. I have now completely subdued my aversion to the profession of a merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it. Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention. That vile trash which I care not for, but only as it may be the future means of procuring the blessing of my soul. Thus all my mercantile calculations go to the tune of dear HONORA. When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant, I draw my HONORA's picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear talisman so inspires my industry that no toil appears oppressive.

The poetic task you set me is in a sad method. My head and heart are too full of other matters to be engrossed by a draggle-tailed wench of the Heliconian puddle.

I am going to try my interest in Parliament. How you stare! It is to procure a frank. Be so good to give the enclosed to HONORA—it will speak to her—and do you say every thing that is kind of me to every other distinguished friend of the dressing-room circle; encourage them in their obliging desire of scribbling in your letters; but do not let them take HONORA's corner of the sheet.

Adieu! May you all possess that cheerfulness denied to your *Cher Jean*. I fear it hurts my mother to see my musing moods; but I can neither help nor overcome them. The near hopes of another excursion to Lichfield could alone disperse every gloomy vapor of my imagination.

Again, and yet again, adieu!

J. ANDRÉ.

WE find, annexed to Miss Seward's monody on Major André, this note:

"Miss HONORA S——, to whom Mr. André's attachment was of such singular constancy, died, in a consumption, a few months before he suffered death at Tappan. She had married another gentleman four years after her engagement with Mr. André had been dissolved by parental authority."

By another note we are informed that, on receiving the tidings of HONORA's marriage, Mr. André quitted his profession as a merchant and joined the British army in America.

Another note has these words:

“ A letter from Major André to one of his friends, written a few years ago, contained the following sentence: ‘I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stripped of every thing except the picture of HONORA, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I yet think myself fortunate.’ ”



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In the year 1780 Major André amused himself and his friends by writing the following little poem, called the *Cow Chace* ; and Mr. James Rivington, at that time printer to his Britannic Majesty in New York, says that the poet gave him the last Canto the day before he left town on the fatal expedition, and that it appeared in the Royal Gazette the morning of the day André was taken. The last stanza has been called prophetic; and the puerile idea had been entertained by many, and even adopted by Miss Seward, that this trifling performance influenced the Court-martial in their decision on the trial of its author.

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THE  
COW CHACE.

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CANTO I.

TO drive the kine one summer's morn,  
The tanner took his way;  
The calf shall rue that is unborn  
The jumbling of that day.

And Wayne descending steers shall know,  
And tauntingly deride,  
And call to mind in every low  
The tanning of his hide.

Yet Bergen cows still ruminatè  
Unconscious in the stall,  
What mighty means were used to get  
And loose them after all.

For many heroes bold and brave  
From New-Bridge and Tapaan,  
And those that drink Passaick's wave,  
And those that eat soupaan;

And sons of distant Delaware,  
And still remoter Shannon,  
And Major Lee, with horses rare,  
And Proctor with his cannon:

All wond'rous proud in arms they came:—  
What hero could refuse  
To tread the rugged path to fame  
Who had a pair of shoes?

At six the host, with sweating buff,  
Arrived at Freedom's pole;  
When Wayne, who thought he'd time enough,  
Thus speechified the whole:

O ye whom glory doth unite,  
Who Freedom's cause espouse,  
Whether the wing that 's doom'd to fight,  
Or that to drive the cows.

Ere yet you tempt your further way,  
Or into action come,  
Hear, soldiers, what I have to say,  
And take a pint of rum.

Intemp'rate valor then will string  
Each nervous arm the better;  
So all the land shall IO sing,  
And read the Gen'ral's letter.

Know that some paltry refugees  
Whom I 've a mind to fight,  
Are playing h—l amongst the trees  
That grow on yonder height.

Their fort and block-houses we'll level,  
And deal a horrid slaughter;  
We'll drive the scoundrels to the devil,  
\* \* \* \* \*

I, under cover of th' attack,  
Whilst you are all at blows,  
From English Neighb'rood and Tinack  
Will drive away the cows.

For well you know the latter is  
The serious operation;  
And fighting with the refugees  
Is only demonstration."

His daring words from all the crowd  
Such great applause did gain,  
That every man declar'd aloud  
For serious work with Wayne.

Then from the cask of rum once more  
 They took a heady jill,  
 When one and all they loudly swore  
 They 'd fight upon the hill.

But here — the Muse has not a strain  
 Befitting such great deeds;  
 Huzza, they cried, huzza for Wayne

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## CANTO II.

NEAR his meridian pomp, the sun  
 Had journey'd from th' horizon,  
 When fierce the dusky tribe mov'd on,  
 Of heroes drunk as poison.

The sounds confused of boasting oaths,  
 Re-echoed thro' the wood;  
 Some vow'd to sleep in dead men's clothes  
 And some to swim in blood.

At Irvine's nod 't was fine to see  
 The left prepare to fight,  
 The while the drovers, Wayne and Lee,  
 Drew off upon the right.

Which Irvine 't was, Fame don't relate,  
Nor can the Muse assist her,  
Whether 't was he that cocks a hat,  
Or he that \* \* \* \*

For greatly one was signalized  
That fought at Chesnut Hill ;  
And Canada immortalized  
The vendor of the pill.

Yet the attendance upon Proctor,  
They both might have to boast of ;  
For there was business for the doctor,  
And hats to be disposed of.

Let none uncandidly infer  
That Stirling wanted spunk ;  
The self-made peer had sure been there,  
But that the peer was drunk.

But turn we to the Hudson's banks,  
Where stood the modest train,  
With purpose firm, tho' slender ranks,  
Nor car'd a pin for Wayne.

For them the unrelenting hand  
Of rebel fury drove,  
And tore from ev'ry genial band,  
Of friendship and of love.

And some within a dungeon's gloom,  
By mock tribunals laid ;  
Had waited long a cruel doom,  
Impending o'er their heads.

Here one bewails a brother's fate,  
There one a sire demands,  
Cut off, alas, before their date,  
By ignominious hands.

And silver'd grandsires here appear'd,  
In deep distress serene,  
Of reverend manners, that declared  
The better days they 'd seen.

Oh, curs'd rebellion, these are thine,  
Thine are these tales of woe ;  
Shall at thy dire insatiate shrine  
Blood never cease to flow ?

And now the foe began to lead  
His forces to the attack ;  
Balls whistling unto balls succeed,  
And make the block-house crack.

No shot could pass, if you will take  
The General's word for true ;  
But 't is a d——ble mistake,  
For ev'ry shot went thro'.

The firmer as the rebels press'd,  
The loyal heroes stand ;  
Virtue had nerv'd each honest breast,  
And industry each hand.

“ In \* valor's phrenzy, Hamilton  
Rode like a soldier big,  
And Secretary Harrison,  
With pen stuck in his wig.”

“ But least their chieftain Washington,  
Should mourn them in the mumps.  
The fate of Withrington to shun,  
They fought behind the stumps.”

But ah, Thadæus Posset, why  
Should thy poor soul elope ?  
And why should Titus Hooper die,  
Ah, die — without a rope ?

Apostate Murphy, thou to whom  
Fair Shela ne'er was cruel,  
In death shalt hear her mourn thy doom,  
Auch wou'd you die, my jewel ?

Thee, Nathan Pumpkin, I lament,  
Of melancholy fate,  
The grey goose stolen as he went,  
In his heart's blood was wet.

\* Vide Lee's trial.

Now, as the fight was further fought,  
And balls began to thicken,  
The fray assum'd, the Gen'ral's thought,  
The color of a licking.

Yet undismay'd the chiefs command,  
And, to redeem the day,  
Cry, SOLDIERS, CHARGE! they hear, they stand,  
They turn and run away.

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CANTO III.

NOT all delights the bloody spear,  
Or horrid din of battle,  
There are, I 'm sure, who 'd like to hear  
A word about the cattle.

The chief whom we beheld of late,  
Near Schralenberg haranguing,  
At Yan Van Poop's, unconscious sat,  
Of Irvine's hearty banging.

Whilst valiant Lee, with courage wild,  
Most bravely did oppose  
The tears of woman and of child,  
Who begg'd he 'd leave the cows.



## **The Cow Chase.**

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But Wayne, of sympathizing heart,  
Required a relief,  
Not all the blessings could impart  
Of battle or of beef;

For now a prey to female charms,  
His soul took more delight in  
A lovely \* Hamadryad's arms  
Than cow driving or fighting :

A nymph, the refugees had drove  
Far from her native tree,  
Just happen'd to be on the move,  
When up came Wayne and Lee.

She in mad Anthony's fierce eye,  
The hero saw pourtray'd ;  
And all in tears she took him by  
—The bridle of his jade.

Hear, said the nymph, O great commander,  
No human lamentations ;  
The trees you see them cutting yonder  
Are all my near relations.

And I, forlorn, implore thine aid,  
To free the sacred grove ;  
So shall thy prowess be repaid  
With an Immortal's love.

\* A deity of the woods.

Now some, to prove she was a goddess,  
 Said this enchanting fair  
 Had late retired fore the *bodies*, \*  
 In all the pomp of war.

That drums and merry fifes had play'd  
 To honor her retreat,  
 And Cunningham himself convey'd  
 The lady thro' the street.

Great Wayne, by soft compassion sway'd,  
 To no inquiry stoops,  
 But takes the fair afflicted maid  
 Right into Yan Van Poop's.

So Roman Anthony, they say,  
 Disgraced the imperial banner,  
 And for a gypsy lost the day,  
 Like Anthony the tanner.

\* \* \* \* \*

When drums and colors, cow and calf,  
 Came down the road amain.

All in a cloud of dust were seen  
 The sheep, the horse, the goat,  
 The gentle heifer, ass obscene,  
 The yearling and the shoat.

\* A cant appellation given amongst the soldiery to the corps  
 that has the honor to guard his Majesty's person.

And pack-horses with fowls came by,  
Befeathered on each side,  
Like Pegasus, the horse that I  
And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his stirrups rose  
The mighty Lee behind,  
And drove the terror-smitten cows  
Like chaff before the wind.

But sudden see the woods above  
Pour down another corps ;  
All helter skelter in a drove,  
Like that I sung before.

Irvine and terror in the van  
Came flying all abroad ;  
And cannon, colors, horse, and man  
Ran tumbling to the road.

Still, as he fled, 't was Irvine's cry,  
And his example too,  
" Run on, my merry men all— For why ?  
The shot will not go thro'."

Five refugees 't is true were found  
Stiff on the block-house floor,  
But then 't is thought the shot went round,  
And in at the back door.

As when two kennels in the street,  
Swell'd with a recent rain,  
In gushing streams together meet,  
And seek the neighboring drain ;

So met these dung-born tribes in one,  
As swift in their career;  
And so to New-Bridge they ran on,—  
But all the cows got clear.

Poor parson ——, all in wonder,  
Saw the returning train,  
And mourn'd to Wayne the lack of plunder  
From them to steal again.

For 't was his right to seize the spoil, and  
To share with each commander,  
As he had done at Staten-Island  
With frost-bit Alexander.\*

In his dismay, the frantic priest  
Began to grow prophetic,  
You 'd swore, to see his lab'ring breast,  
He 'd taken an emetic.

I view the future day, said he,  
Brighter than this day dark is,  
And you shall see what you shall see,  
Ha, ha, one pretty Marquis.

\* Lord Stirling, before mentioned.

## **The Cow Chase.**

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And he shall come to Paules-hook,  
And great atchievements think on;  
And make a bow, and take a look,  
Like Satan over Lincoln.

And all the land around shall glory  
To see the Frenchmen caper,  
And pretty Susan tell the story  
In the next Chatham paper.

This solemn prophecy, of course,  
Gave all much consolation,  
Except to Wayne, who lost his horse  
Upon the great occasion.

His horse that carried all his prog,  
His military speeches,  
His corn-stalk whisky for his grog,  
Blue stockings, and brown breeches.

And now I 've closed my epic strain,  
I tremble as I shew it,  
Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,  
Should ever catch the poet.

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TRIAL  
OF  
MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ.

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Extract of Letters from General Washington to the  
President of Congress.

*Robinson's House in the Highlands, Sept. 26, 1780.*

SIR,

I HAVE the honor to inform Congress that I arrived here yesterday about twelve o'clock, on my return from Hartford. Some hours previous to my arrival, Major-General Arnold went from his quarters, which were this place, and, as it was supposed, over the river to the garrison at West-Point, whither I proceeded myself, in order to visit the post. I found General Arnold had not been there during the day; and, on my return to his quarters, he was still absent. In the mean time a packet had arrived from Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, announcing the capture of a John Anderson, who was endeavoring to go to New-York, with several interesting and important papers, all in the hand-writing of General Arnold. This was also accompanied with a letter from the prisoner, avowing himself to be Major John André, Adjutant-General to the British army, relating the manner of

his capture, and endeavoring to show that he did not come under the description of a spy. From these several circumstances, and information that the General seemed to be thrown into some degree of agitation, on receiving a letter a little time before he went from his quarters, I was led to conclude immediately that he had heard of Major André's captivity, and that he would, if possible, escape to the enemy; and accordingly took such measures as appeared the most probable to apprehend him. But he had embarked in a barge, and proceeded down the river, under a flag, to the Vulture ship of war, which lay at some miles below Stony and Verplanck's Points. He wrote me a letter after he got on board. Major André is not yet arrived, but I hope he is secure, and that he will be here to-day. I have been and am taking precautions, which I trust will prove effectual, to prevent the important consequences which this conduct on the part of General Arnold was intended to produce. I do not know the party that took Major André, but it is said that it consisted only of a few militia, who acted in such a manner upon the occasion as does them the highest honor, and proves them to be men of great virtue. As soon as I know their names, I shall take pleasure in transmitting them to Congress.

*Paramus, October 7, 1780.*

SIR,

I have the honor to enclose Congress a copy of the proceedings of a Board of General Officers in the case of Major André, Adjutant-General to the British

army. This officer was executed, in pursuance of the opinion of the Board, on Monday, the 2d instant, at twelve o'clock at our late camp, at Tappan. Besides the proceedings, I transmit copies of sundry letters respecting the matter, which are all that passed on the subject, not included in the proceedings.

I have now the pleasure to communicate the names of the three persons who captured Major André, and who refused to release him, notwithstanding the most earnest importunities and assurances of a liberal reward on his part. Their names are *John Paulding*, *David Williams*, and *Isaac Van Wert*.



*Proceedings of a Board of General Officers, held by order of his Excellency General Washington, Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States of America, respecting Major André, Adjutant-General of the British Army, September the 29th, 1780, at Tappan, in the State of New-York.*

PRESENT.

Major-General Green, President.  
 Major-General Lord Stirling,  
 Major-General St. Clair,  
 Major-General the Marquis la Fayette,  
 Major-General Howe,  
 Major-General the Baron de Steuben,  
 Brigadier-General Parsons,  
 Brigadier-General Clinton,  
 Brigadier-General Knox,  
 Brigadier-General Glover,  
 Brigadier-General Patterson,  
 Brigadier-General Hand,  
 Brigadier-General Huntington,  
 Brigadier-General Starke,  
 John Lawrence, Judge-Advocate-General.

MAJOR ANDRÉ, Adjutant-General to the British army, was brought before the Board, and the following letter from General Washington to the Board, dated Headquarters, Tappan, September, 29, 1780, was laid before them, and read.

GENTLEMEN,

MAJOR ANDRÉ, Adjutant-General to the British army, will be brought before you for your examination. He came within our lines, in the night, on an interview with Major-General Arnold, and in an assumed character, and was taken within our lines in a disguised habit, with a pass under a feigned name, and with the enclosed papers concealed upon him. After a careful examination you will be pleased, as speedily as possible, to report a precise state of his case, together with your opinion of the light in which he ought to be considered, and the punishment that ought to be inflicted. The Judge-Advocate will attend to assist in the examination, who has sundry other papers, relative to this matter, which he will lay before the Board.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

*The Board of General Officers convened at Tappan.*

The names of the Officers composing the Board were read to Major André, and on his being asked whether he confessed the matters contained in the letter from his Excellency General Washington to the Board, or denied them, he said, "in addition to his letter to General Washington, dated Salem, the 24th September, 1780," which was read to the Board, and acknowledged by Major André to have been written by him, which letter is as follows :

*Salem, September 24, 1780.*

SIR,

WHAT I have as yet said concerning myself was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded.

I beg your Excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you, but that it is to secure myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character, for treacherous purposes or self-interest — a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuated me, as well as with my condition in life.

It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security.

The person in your possession is Major John André, Adjutant-General to the British army.

The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held; as confidential (in the present instance) with his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

To favor it, I agreed to meet upon ground not within posts of either army a person who was to give me intelligence; I came up in the Vulture man-of-war, for this effect, and was fetched, by a boat from the shore, to the beach. Being there, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your Excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more I must have been affected by a refusal to re-conduct me back the next night, as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, was passed another way in the night without the American posts to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New-York. I was taken at Tarry-Town by some volunteers.

Thus, as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed, being Adjutant-General to the British army, into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman.

The request I have to make your Excellency, and I am conscious I address myself well, is that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark, that though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my King, and as I am involuntarily an impostor.

Another request is, that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen.

I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charleston, who being either on parole

or under protection, were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Tho' their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect.

It is no less, sir, in a confidence in the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, sir,  
Your Excellency's most obedient  
and most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRÉ,  
Adjutant-General.

His Excellency General Washington, &c., &c., &c.

That he came on shore from the Vulture sloop of war in the night of the 21st of September instant, somewhere under the Haverstraw Mountain. That the boat he came on shore in carried no flag; and that he had on a surtout coat over his regimentals, and that he wore his surtout coat when he was taken. That he met General Arnold on the shore, and had an interview with him there. He also said that when he left the Vulture sloop of war it was understood that he was to return that night; but it was then doubted, and if he could not return, he was promised to be concealed on shore in a place of safety until the next night, when he was to return in the same manner he came on shore; and when the next day came, he was solicitous to get back, and made inquiries in the course of the day how he should return, when he was

informed he could not return that way, and he must take the route he did afterwards. He also said that the first notice he had of his being within any of our posts was being challenged by the sentry, which was the first night he was on shore. He also said that the evening of the 22d of September instant, he passed King's-Ferry, between our posts of Stony and Verplanck's Points, in the dress he is at present in and which he said was not his regimentals, and which dress he procured after he landed from the Vulture and when he was within our post; and that he was proceeding to New-York, but was taken on his way to Tarry-Town, as he has mentioned in his letter on Saturday, the 23d of September instant, about nine o'clock in the morning.

The following papers were laid before the Board and shown to Major André, who confessed to the Board, that they were found on him when he was taken, and said they were concealed in his boot, except the pass:

A pass from General Arnold to John Anderson, which name Major André acknowledged he assumed.

Artillery orders, September 5, 1780.

Estimate of the force at West-Point and its dependencies, September, 1780.

Estimate of men to man the works at West-Point, etc.

Return of ordnance at West-Point, September, 1780.

Remarks on works at West-Point.

Copy of a state of matters laid before a council of war by his Excellency General Washington, held the 6th of September, 1780.

A letter signed John Anderson, dated September 7, 1780, to Colonel Sheldon,\* was also laid before the Board and shown to Major André, which *he acknowledged* to have been written by *him*, and is as follows :

*New-York, the 7th Sept., 1780.*

SIR,

I AM told *my name* is made known to you, and that I may hope your indulgence in permitting me to meet a friend near your out-posts. I will endeavor to obtain permission to go out with a flag, which will be sent to Dobb's Ferry on Monday next, the 11th, at twelve o'clock, when I shall be happy to meet Mr. G——.† Should I not be allowed to go, the officer who is to command the escort, between whom and myself no distinction need be made, can speak on the affair.

\* Lest it should be supposed that Col. Sheldon, to whom the above letter is addressed, was privy to the plot carrying on by General Arnold, it is to be observed that the letter was found among Arnold's papers, and had been transmitted by Colonel Sheldon, who, it appears from a letter of the 9th of September to Arnold, which inclosed it, had never heard of John Anderson before. Arnold, in his answer on the 10th, acknowledged he had not communicated it to him, though he had informed him that he expected a person would come from New-York, for the purpose of bringing him intelligence.

† It appears, by the same letter, that Arnold had written to Mr. Anderson under the signature of Gustavus. His words are, "I was obliged to write with great caution to him; my letter was signed Gustavus, to prevent any discovery, in case it fell into the hands of the enemy."

Let me intreat you, sir, to favor a matter so interesting to the parties concerned, and which is of so private a nature that the public on neither side can be injured by it.

I shall be happy on my part in doing any act of kindness to you, in a family or property concern of a similar nature.

I trust I shall not be detained, but should any old grudge be a cause for it, I shall rather risk that than neglect the business in question, *or assume a mysterious character* to carry on an innocent affair, and, as friends have advised, get to your lines by stealth. I am, sir, with all regard,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN ANDERSON.

Col. Sheldon.

Major André observed that this letter could be of no force in the case in question, as it was written in New-York, when he was under the orders of General Clinton, but that it tended to prove that it was not his intention to come within our lines.

The Board having interrogated Major André about his conception of his coming on shore under the sanction of a flag, he said *that it was impossible for him to suppose he came on shore under that sanction*; and added that if he came on shore under that sanction, he certainly might return under it.

Major André having acknowledged the preceding facts, and being asked whether he had anything to



say respecting them, answered, he left them to operate with the Board.

The examination of Major André being concluded, he was remanded into custody.

The following letters were laid before the Board, and read: Benedict Arnold's letter to General Washington, dated September 25, 1780; Colonel Robinson's letter to General Washington, dated September 25, 1780; and General Clinton's letter, dated 26th September, 1780, inclosing a letter of the same date from Benedict Arnold to General Washington.

*On board the Vulture, Sept. 25, 1780.*

SIR,

THE heart which is conscious of its own rectitude cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong. I have ever acted from a principle of love to my country, since the commencement of the present unhappy contest between Great Britain and the Colonies; the same principle of love to my country actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world, who very seldom judge right of any man's actions.

I have no favor to ask for myself. I have too often experienced the ingratitude of my country to attempt it; but from the known humanity of your Excellency, I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold, from every insult and injury that the mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me; she is as good and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong. I beg she

may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia, or to come to me, as she may choose ; from your Excellency I have no fears on her account, but she may suffer from the mistaken fury of the country.

I have to request that the inclosed letter may be delivered to Mrs. Arnold, and she be permitted to write to me.

I have also to ask that my clothes and baggage, which are of little consequence, may be sent to me ; if required their value shall be paid for in money.

I have the honor to be, with great regard and esteem,

Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

His Excellency General Washington.

N. B. In justice to the gentlemen of my family, Colonel Varick and Major Franks, I think myself in honor bound to declare, that they, as well as Joshua Smith, Esq., who I know is suspected, are totally ignorant of any transactions of mine, that they had reason to believe were injurious to the public.

*Vulture, off Sinsinck, Sept. 25, 1780.*

SIR,

I AM this moment informed that Major André, Adjutant-General of his Majesty's army in America, is detained as a prisoner by the army under your command ; it is, therefore, incumbent on me to inform you of the manner of his falling into your hands. He went up with a flag at the request of General Arnold,

on public business with him, and had his permit to return by land to New-York. Under these circumstances Major André cannot be detained by you, without the greatest violation of flags, and contrary to the custom and usage of all nations; and, as I imagine you will see this matter in the same point of view as I do, I must desire that you will order him to be set at liberty and allowed to return immediately. Every step Major André took was by the advice and direction of General Arnold, even that of taking the feigned name, and of course not liable to censure for it.

I am, sir, not forgetting former acquaintance,

Your very humble servant,

BEV. ROBINSON,  
Col. Loyal Americans.

His Excellency General Washington.

*New-York, Sept. 26, 1780.*

SIR,

BEING informed that the King's Adjutant-General in America has been stopt under Major-General Arnold's passports, and is detained a prisoner in your Excellency's army, I have the honor to inform you, sir, that I permitted Major André to go to Major-General Arnold, at the particular request of that general officer. You will perceive, sir, by the inclosed paper, that a flag of truce was sent to receive Major André, and passports granted for his return; I therefore can have no doubt but your Excellency will immediately direct

that this officer has permission to return to my orders at New-York.

I have the honor to be, your Excellency's

Most obedient and most humble servant,

H. CLINTON.

His Excellency General Washington.

*New-York, Sept. 26, 1780.*

SIR,

IN answer to your Excellency's message, respecting your Adjutant-General, Major André, and desiring my idea of the reasons why he is detained, being under my passports, I have the honor to inform you, sir, that I apprehend a few hours must return Major André to your Excellency's orders, as that officer is assuredly under the protection of a flag of truce sent by me to him, for the purpose of a conversation which I requested to hold with him relating to myself, and which I wished to communicate through that officer to your Excellency.

I commanded at the time at West-Point, had an undoubted right to send my flag of truce for Major André, who came to me under that protection, and having held my conversation with him, I delivered him confidential papers in my own hand-writing, to deliver to your Excellency. Thinking it much properer he should return by land, I directed him to make use of the feigned name of John Anderson, under which he had, by my direction, come on shore, and gave him my passports to go to the White Plains on his way to

New-York. This officer cannot, therefore, fail of being immediately sent to New-York, as he was invited to a conversation with me, for which I sent him a flag of truce, and finally gave him passports for his safe return to your Excellency; all which I had then a right to do, being in the actual service of America, under the orders of General Washington, and commanding general at West-Point and its dependencies.

I have the honor to be, your Excellency's

Most obedient and very humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

The Board having considered the letter from his Excellency General Washington respecting Major André, Adjutant-General to the British army, the confession of Major André, and the papers produced to them, REPORT to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief the following facts, which appear to them relative to Major André:

*First.* That he came on shore from the Vulture sloop-of-war, in the night of the 21st of September instant, on an interview with General Arnold, in a private and secret manner.

*Secondly.* That he changed his dress within our lines, and under a feigned name, and in a disguised habit, passed our works at Stony and Verplanck's Points, the evening of the 22d of September instant, and was taken the morning of the 23d of September instant, at Tarry-Town, in a disguised habit, being then on

his way to New-York, and when taken, he had in his possession several papers, which contained intelligence for the enemy.

The Board having maturely considered these facts, DO ALSO REPORT to his Excellency General Washington, that Major André, Adjutant-General to the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that agreeable to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death.

Nathaniel Green, Major-General, President.  
Stirling, Major-General.  
Ar. St. Clair, Major-General.  
La Fayette, Major-General.  
R. Howe, Major-General.  
Steuben, Major-General.  
Samuel H. Parsons, Brigadier-General.  
James Clinton, Brigadier-General.  
H. Knox, Brigadier-General of Artillery.  
John Glover, Brigadier-General.  
John Patterson, Brigadier-General.  
Edward Hand, Brigadier-General.  
J. Huntington, Brigadier-General.  
John Starke, Brigadier-General.  
John Lawrence, Judge-Advocate-General.

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## APPENDIX.

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*Copy of a letter from Major André, Adjutant-General,  
to Sir Henry Clinton, K. B., &c., &c.*

*Tappan, September 29, 1780.*

SIR,

YOUR Excellency is doubtless already apprised of the manner in which I was taken, and possibly of the serious light in which my conduct is considered, and the rigorous determination that is impending.

Under these circumstances, I have obtained General Washington's permission to send you this letter; the object of which is to remove from your breast any suspicion that I could imagine that I was bound by your Excellency's orders to expose myself to what has happened. The events of coming within an enemy's posts, and of changing my dress, which led me to my present situation, were contrary to my own intentions, as they were to your orders; and the circuitous route which I took to return was imposed (perhaps unavoidably) without alternative upon me.

I am perfectly tranquil in mind, and prepared for any fate to which an honest zeal for my King's service may have devoted me.

In addressing myself to your Excellency on this occasion, the force of all my obligations to you, and of the attachment and gratitude I bear you, recurs to me.

With all the warmth of my heart, I give you thanks for your Excellency's profuse kindness to me; and I send you the most earnest wishes for your welfare, which a faithful, affectionate, and respectful attendant can frame.

I have a mother and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject; I am persuaded of your Excellency's goodness.

I receive the greatest attention from his Excellency General Washington, and from every person under whose charge I happen to be placed.

I have the honor to be,  
 With the most respectful attachment,  
 Your Excellency's most obedient,  
 and most humble servant,  
 JOHN ANDRÉ, Adjutant-General.

(Addressed)

His Excellency Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, K. B., &c.  
 &c. &c.

*Copy of a letter from his Excellency General Washington to his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton.*

*Head-Quarters, Sept. 30, 1780.*

SIR,

IN answer to your Excellency's letter of the 26th instant, which I had the honor to receive, I am to inform you that Major André was taken under such circumstances as would have justified the most sum-



mary proceedings against him. I determined, however, to refer his case to the examination and decision of a Board of General Officers, who have reported, on his free and voluntary confession and letters, "That he came on shore from the Vulture sloop of war, in the night of the 21st of September instant," &c. &c., as in the report of the Board of General Officers.

From these proceedings, it is evident Major André was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to the objects of flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize or countenance in the most distant degree; and this gentleman confessed, with the greatest candor, in the course of his examination, "That it was impossible for him to suppose he came on shore under the sanction of a flag."

I have the honor to be your Excellency's  
Most obedient and most humble servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

(Addressed)

His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

In this letter, Major André's of the 29th of September to Sir Henry Clinton was transmitted.

*New-York, 29th Sept., 1780.*

SIR,

PERSUADED that you are inclined rather to promote than prevent the civilities and acts of humanity, which the rules of war permit between civilized nations, I find no difficulty in representing to you, that several letters and messages sent from hence have been discre-

garded, and unanswered, and the flags of truce that carried them detained. As I have ever treated all flags of truce with civility and respect, I have a right to hope that you will order my complaint to be immediately redressed.

Major André, who visited an officer commanding in a district at his own desire, and acted in every circumstance agreeable to his direction, I find is detained a prisoner; my friendship for him leads me to fear he may suffer some inconvenience for want of necessaries; I wish to be allowed to send him a few, and shall take it as a favor if you will be pleased to permit his servant to deliver them. In Sir Henry Clinton's absence, it becomes a part of my duty to make this representation and request.

I am, sir, your Excellency's  
Most obedient humble servant,

JAMES ROBERTSON, Lieutenant-General.

His Excellency General Washington.

*Tappan, September 30, 1780.*

SIR,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 29th. Any delay which may have attended your flags has proceeded from accident and peculiar circumstances of the occasion, not from intentional neglect or violation. The letter that admitted of an answer has received one as early as it could be given with propriety, transmitted by a flag this morning. As to messages, I am uninformed of any that have been sent.

The necessities for Major André will be delivered to him, agreeable to your request.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

His Excellency Lieutenant-General Robertson,

New-York.

*New-York, September 30, 1780.*

SIR,

FROM your Excellency's letter of this date, I am persuaded the Board of General Officers, to whom you referred the case of Major André, cannot have been rightly informed of all the circumstances on which a judgment ought to be formed. I think it of the highest moment to humanity that your Excellency should be perfectly apprised of the state of this matter, before you proceed to put that judgment in execution.

For this reason I send his Excellency Lieutenant-General Robertson, and two other gentlemen, to give you a true state of facts, and to declare to you my sentiments and resolutions. They will set out tomorrow, as early as the wind and tide will permit, and wait near Dobb's Ferry for your permission and safe conduct, to meet your Excellency, or such persons as you may appoint, to converse with them on this subject.

I have the honor to be your Excellency's

Most obedient and most humble servant,

H. CLINTON.

P. S. The Hon. Andrew Elliot, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor, and the Hon. William Smith, Chief-Justice of this province, will attend his Excellency Lieutenant-General Robertson.

H. C.

His Excellency General Washington.

Lieutenant-General Robertson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. Smith came up in a flag vessel to Dobb's Ferry, agreeable to the above letter. The two last were not suffered to land. General Robertson was permitted to come on shore, and was met by Major-General Greene, who verbally reported that General Robertson mentioned to him in substance what is contained in his letter of the 2d of October to General Washington.

*New-York, October 1, 1780.*

SIR,

I TAKE this opportunity to inform your Excellency that I consider myself no longer acting under the commission of Congress: Their last to me being among my papers at West-Point, you, sir, will make such use of it as you think proper.

At the same time, I beg leave to assure your Excellency, that my attachment to the true interest of my country is invariable, and that I am actuated by the *same principle* which has ever been the governing rule of my conduct, in this unhappy contest.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

His Excellency General Washington.

*Greyhound Schooner, Flag of Truce,  
Dobb's Ferry, Oct. 2, 1780.*

SIR,

A NOTE I have from General Greene leaves me in doubt if his memory had served him to relate to you, with exactness, the substance of the conversation that had passed between him and myself, on the subject of Major André. In an affair of so much consequence to my friend, to the two armies, and humanity, I would leave no possibility of a misunderstanding, and therefore take the liberty to put in writing the substance of what I said to General Greene.

I offered to prove by the evidence of Colonel Robinson, and the officers of the Vulture, that Major André went on shore at General Arnold's desire, in a boat sent for him with a flag of truce; that he not only came ashore with the knowledge, and under the protection of the general who commanded in the district, but that he took no step while on shore but by the direction of General Arnold, as will appear by the inclosed letter from him to your Excellency. Under these circumstances I could not, and hoped you would not, consider Major André as a spy, for any improper phrase in his letter to you.

The facts he relates correspond with the evidence I offer; but he admits a conclusion that does not follow. The change of clothes and name was ordered by General Arnold, under whose direction he necessarily was while within his command. As General Greene and I did not agree in opinion, I wished that disinterested gentlemen of knowledge of the law of war and

nations might be asked their opinion on the subject, and mentioned Monsieur Knyphausen and General Rochambault.

I related that a Captain Robinson had been delivered to Sir Henry Clinton as a spy, and undoubtedly was such; but that it being signified to him that you were desirous that this man should be exchanged, he had ordered him to be exchanged.

I wished that an intercourse of such civilities as the rules of war admit of might take off many of its horrors. I admitted that Major André had a great share of Sir Henry Clinton's esteem, and that he would be infinitely obliged by his liberation; and that if he was permitted to return with me, I would engage to have any person you would be pleased to name set at liberty.

I added that Sir Henry Clinton had never put to death any person for a breach of the rules of war, though he had, and now has, many in his power. Under the present circumstances, much good may arise from humanity, much ill from the want of it. If that could give any weight, I beg leave to add that your favorable treatment of Major André will be a favor I should ever be intent to return to any you hold dear.

My memory does not retain with the exactness I could wish the words of the letter which General Green shewed me from Major André to your Excellency. For Sir Henry Clinton's satisfaction, I beg you will order a copy of it to be sent to me at New-York.

I have the honor to be your Excellency's

Most obedient and most humble servant,

JAMES ROBERTSON.

His Excellency General Washington.

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*New-York, October 1, 1780.*

SIR,

THE polite attention shown by your Excellency and the gentlemen of your family to Mrs. Arnold, when in distress, demands my grateful acknowledgment and thanks, which I beg leave to present.

From your Excellency's letter to Sir Henry Clinton, I find a board of general officers have given it as their opinion that Major André comes under the description of a spy. My good opinion of the candor and justice of those gentlemen leads me to believe that if they had been made fully acquainted with every circumstance respecting Major André, that they would by no means have considered him in the light of spy, or even of a prisoner. In justice to him, I think it my duty to declare that he came from on board the Vulture at my particular request, by a flag sent on purpose for him by Joshua Smith, Esq., who had permission to go to Dobb's Ferry, to carry letters, and for other purposes not mentioned, and to return. This was done as a blind to the spy boats. Mr. Smith at the same time had my private instructions to go on board the Vulture and bring on shore Colonel Robinson, or Mr. John Anderson, which was the name I had requested Major André to assume; at the same time I desired Mr. Smith to inform him that he should have my protection, and a safe passport to return in the same boat, as soon as our business was completed. As several accidents intervened to prevent his being sent on board, I gave him my passport to return by land. Major André came on shore in his uniform (without disguise), which, with much reluctance, at my particular

and pressing instance, he exchanged for another coat. I furnished him with a horse and saddle, and pointed out the route by which he was to return. And, as commanding officer in the department, I had an undoubted right to transact all these matters, which, if wrong, Major André ought by no means to suffer for them.

But if, after this just and candid representation of Major André's case, the Board of General Officers adhere to their former opinion, I shall suppose it dictated by passion and resentment; and if that gentleman should suffer the severity of their sentence, I shall think myself bound, by every tie of duty and honor, to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power, that the respect due to flags, and to the law of nations, may be better understood and observed.

I have further to observe that forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives, which have hitherto been spared by the clemency of his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, who cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer, if Major André suffers; which, in all probability, will open a scene of blood at which humanity will revolt.

Suffer me to entreat your Excellency for your own and the honor of humanity, and the love you have of justice, that you suffer not an unjust sentence to touch the life of Major André.

But if this warning should be disregarded, and he suffer, I call heaven and earth to witness that your



Excellency will be justly answerable for the torrent of blood may be spilt in consequence.

I have the honor to be, with due respect,  
Your Excellency's most obedient,  
and very humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

His Excellency General Washington.

*Tappan, October 1, 1780.*

SIR,

BUOY'D above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor.

Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

I have the honor to be your Excellency's  
Most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRÉ,  
Adjutant-General to the British army.

His Excellency General Washington.

The time which elapsed between the capture of Major André, which was on the morning of the 23d of September, and his execution, which did not take place till twelve o'clock on the 2d of October; the mode of trying him; his letter to Sir Henry Clinton, K. B., on the 29th of September, in which he said: "I receive the greatest attention from his Excellency General Washington, and from every person under whose charge I happen to be placed;" not to mention many other acknowledgments which he made of the good treatment he received; must evince that the proceedings against him were not guided by passion or resentment. The practice and usage of war were against his request, and made the indulgence he solicited, circumstanced as he was, inadmissible.

*Published by order of Congress,*

CHARLES THOMSON, *Secretary.*

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EXTRACT from a LETTER which appeared in the  
*Pennsylvania Gazette*, dated October 25, 1780. The  
Author supposed to be Colonel HAMILTON, Aid-de-  
camp to General WASHINGTON.

NEVER, perhaps, did a man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took after his capture was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character, for treacherous or interested purposes; that, contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence, on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only, that to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed due to a person who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the Board of Officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which could embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed every thing that might involve others, he frankly confessed all the facts relative to himself; and, upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the Board made their report. The members of it were not more

impressed with the candor and modest firmness, mixed with becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behavior toward him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him (and I saw him several times during his confinement) he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the General, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, will have brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, on a supposition that I had conceived myself obliged by his instructions to run the risk I did. I would not for the world leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collected himself enough afterwards to add, "I wish to be permitted to assure him I did not act under

this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders." His request was readily complied with, and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the diction and sentiment.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked that since it was his lot to die, as there was a choice in the mode, which would make material difference to his feelings, he would be happy, if it were possible to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined in both cases to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

When he was led out to the place of execution, as he went along, he bowed familiarly to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with emotion, "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added, "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. On being told the final moment was

at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered, "Nothing but to request you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed, and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. It is said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit he had acquired the confidence of his General and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project, the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he is at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, sees all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never

seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him are so many shadows that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down little vanities, that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoyed a happier lot, are less prone to detract from its true envy; and are more disposed by compassion to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the sators of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André, while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude.

THE END.











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